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A MAGAZINE CALCULATED

SPRING



TO BLOW YOUR MIND

CASTLE
of

FRANKENSTEIN

2001:



a space odyssey



Interview with

Ray
Bradbury





CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN

SCROLL OF THOTH

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Maxime Evans as Dr. Zaius in
PLANET OF THE APES

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FRANKENSTEIN AFTER DARK

As this editorial is the last thing to be entered as we go to press, it's possible to summarize us things that didn't go into the rest of this issue.

Understandably, there's an ever widening group of fans who collect old radio programs. One fan contacts another, and they either sell or swap tapes (sometimes even old records) of early radio shows. There's an even chance that good, solid radio drama will eventually make a comeback; anyone lucky enough to hear these early programs or old enough to remember the splendid effects and moments of high drama that excited will probably tingle with excitement whenever memories are revived. Some of broadcasting's greatest days happened when fantasy and horror ran on the air. If not for a few collectors who sell and swap old shows, early radio could be all but forgotten. Despite what's now heard on AM/FM these days, radio was not always a mere juke box or endless carbon copy of music. One of the best collectors of old radio shows is Nicholas Morgan (1005 Pulaski Ave., North Bergen, N.J. 07047). 35¢ in stamps or coin will bring to you a copy of his fine catalog of old radio programs which he has on tapes for fellow enthusiasts. Any tape recorder and a modest fee per tape is the sale price of admission into such vintage nostalgia.

MONSTERS TO LIVE WITH! Doubts about monsters walking the face of the earth these days are being dispelled (the Draft laws, political conventions, politics in general, etc., aside). Those who missed the first TV run of the National Geographic Society's great documentary on "Raptures and Amphibians" (Dec. 3, '68) should make firm plans to catch it during the re-run period sometime this spring—it's breathtaking and more interesting than many a monster film of the past. . . . For the first time there's also some scientific basis for the existence of perhaps more than just one Lech Ness Monster! According to a noticed news report on TV and in the papers on Dec. 19, 1968, a leading U.S. university science team set up an observation post at Lech Ness some while back, completely equipped with the latest sensor tracking and photographic devices. Not only some movies were made showing some "odd shapes, partially submerged . . . moving at a rapid rate through the water," but soon convinced these experts of certain "large sized creatures" moving about way down in the lake's briny deep. Se-monster lovers of the world, until On Gorgo, here we come!

'68-A GREAT MOVIE FANTASY YEAR! Unfortunately, this wasn't true of all productions. Surprisingly disappointing was **BARBARELLA**. Several of the Cat stoff give their capsule verdict: Don Bates succinctly calls it, "Trash." Ken Kesle, however, found it "Charming; just like a comic strip coming to life." Ejekid the Joker says, "What's a film without Len Cheney Jr.?" Other opinions were generally mixed, and very few were wholly favorable. My own Director Roger Vadim should have used his former wife, Brigitte Bardot, not Jane Fonda. Many of Vadim's most recent films were created with Bardot in mind for the lead, and her absence

is apparent. A potential for greatness was there, but atrocious medical scoring (except for a small part), inept production standards and mediocre scripting proved nearly lethal. Yet, strangely enough, it's still interesting, enjoyable and worthy of attention in its own odd way. A great deal more was expected, however; and that's what hurts.

The recent TV seasons was also mixed up and disappointing. Fortunately, **STAR TREK** came through with some excellent stories after a weak and iffy start in September. **THE AVENGERS** has gone downhill, though, sometimes resembling the bad comic book style of the **CHAMPIONS** canceled last summer. Predictably, **JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN** (now carefully cancelled) proved to be a terrible dud; I should have been told, "Journey To The Wrong Script Dept." **DARK SHADOWS** keeps on sucking up higher scores meanwhile—if not for it and some old movies, daytime TV viewing would then be a total curse. In all probability D.S. will soon have a night-time version, with a feature film net far off either. . . . With the tremendous boom that **Star Trek** is having, thanks to the theatrical success of 2001, **PLANET OF THE APES** and **ROSEMARY'S BABY**, plus TV's **DARK SHADOWS**, welcome runs of **OUTER LIMITS**, **TWILIGHT ZONE**, **ALFRED HITCHCOCK** and even the **SCIENCE FICTION THEATER** are now to be seen in most parts of TV land. TV networkland, of course, has always been notoriously years behind trends and advancements made in the movie industry and on the stage. If the ridiculous, arbitrary and prejudicial TV "rating" systems were abandoned, (i.e., *Nude*, etc.), major improvements and radical changes for the better would, of course, take place.

AN SF/Sci-Fi MOVIE THEATER: Plans right now are underway for a movie house in N.Y., specializing in the kind of movie fare we love to dream, talk, eat up and work our heads off about. Considering how much of the genre never got a respectable playdate, is worthy of revival or probably never appeared in many areas, such a move has been long overdue. Of course, Cat will be involved in this project more ways than one. (Interested principles can reach us for further information.)

The amount of mail received each issue stating how "great" a job you think we're doing is growing embarrassingly unanimous and increasingly voluminous. Of course, no longer is it any secret that Cat is the biggest bargain around at only 35¢—especially when you see how little is available in other "similar" publications asking 50¢ or more. As many have lately indicated, Cat, by comparison, would still be a bargain even at 40¢ after witnessing many of the "others" over the years (their content is usually as curiously poor that it can be covered in 15 minutes, or less, especially if most of it has been published before over and over again).

We really want to come out more often . . . and we can! But it's a very large extent it will have to depend on YOUR cooperation. For one thing: All of you must be, by now, I'm sure, keenly aware of the problem existing in practically all neighborhoods throughout the country, where availability of any display space is concerned. Consequently,

you undoubtedly have trouble finding favorable titles. Furthermore, you'll notice that many fine, outstanding publications barely, if ever, see the light of day, whereas many uninteresting and dull mags keep cluttering valuable space. The trouble, of course, rests upon the store-keeper to a very large extent—it may not necessarily have anything to do with whether or not he's bright enough to differentiate between crud and quality (though this often can be a problem)—he's probably too tired and bothered with a hundred and one other incidents to have the time for a library evaluation of American Publishing Practices. In short: YOU must try and remind him. YOU must come up with sufficient insistence, making him equally aware that he will evoke your displeasure if he doesn't enter to your needs. After all, a store owner is in the business of keeping customers, not losing them.

The other end, actually, last step in: Contacting your local wholesale-jobber who services and supplies mags to retailers in your area; reach him either by phone or personally—and complain about any spots that aren't getting Cat (or even about those that receive S or C copies but which could sell 25 or 75). Your arguments and complaints will bring about action—jobbers are especially interested to cooperate when they think publications have loyal followings; and if you happen to mention any club of Cofe-addicts that you may be a member of, it will add even further weight in getting results.

In the final analysis (especially if you believe that we're worthy enough of your support for performing a service rendered by no one else! Remember what happened to **STAR TREK**? When it appeared in trouble and heading for cancellation, its fans went to bat and clamored loudly enough so that they were able to save the show. Yet, the "big wheels" will listen and move for you, provided you're not silent.

Speaking of **STAR TREK** again: It seems to be in grave difficulty this time and headed for almost certain cancellation since there's nothing like it around now or in the foreseeable future, the TV stations in your area and NBC must be once more "reminded" of their obligation to the fans. Apparently it's become an annual battle to convince studios and networks that we'll tolerate amazing hours of programming mediocrity and clutter as long as we're left with a few things to enjoy like **STAR TREK**. Once more, the rest is up to YOU. So seek it to them and keep telling it like it is, baby . . . starting now!

Noted in the meantime is the availability of a mailing address in our **GHOSTLY MAIL** and **PANORAMA** section—and as all of you already didn't know, the address for all mail, things to be sent for review (not forgetting great sums of money) is:

GOTHIC CASTLE, 909 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Until some time this April . . .

—Culbert T. Back—



Glenn Strange as THE Monster and the mad doctor, Ole Olsen (visiting on the set of THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, 1945), discover a real horror in the mag before them.

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LATEST FILM NEWS

FUTURE FANTASY FILMS

By Philip B. Moskowitz

We are in the midst of a new science fiction and fantasy film cycle. Audiences are recognizing that this type of film entertainment has finally matured and producers are responding with even better and more imaginative motion pictures.

Paramount has released **BARBARELLA** and **ROSEMARY'S BABY**. **BARBARELLA**, based on the comic strip banned in Europe, stars Jane Fonda and is produced by her husband, Roger Vadim. The heroine is a champion astronaut who crashes her spaceship on the evil planet, Luthoon, encountering many Bond-like adventures. Marcel Marceau, the pantomimist, portrays Professor Ping, and is heard speaking dialog, probably for the first time in his career. Mrs. Eugene Paul Getty, daughter-in-law of J. Paul Getty, one of the world's richest men, is making \$32 a day for a small role. Adopting a dare from Vadim, she worked about fifteen days. As a result of one scene, Jane Fonda was hospitalized with a fever. Possibly influenced by Hitchcock, 2000 wrens imported from the Mediterranean Islands were supposed to attack her and shed her clothes. The birds could not be prompted to act even after a fan was brought on the set, guns were fired, and birdseed was sprinkled in Fonda's costume. The scene was finally filmed after two weeks when a different type of bird was employed. Defending his \$3 million film from censors, Vadim said that there is no reference whatsoever in the picture to moral concepts as we know them. "It would be difficult for any censor to discover objectionable scenes in futuristic fiction (year 40,000) totally unrelated to the present day," Vadim admitted that he had a request from his daughter to make a film suitable for herself and her friends. He is prepared to leave footage on the cutting room floor to get by censors and obtain general audiences of all ages. Visitors to the set, after seeing Fonda in action, feel that censors will condemn it. Vadim states, "I make sensuous pictures, but I don't make dirty pictures." **BARBARELLA**, described by Vadim as "an erotic WIZARD OF OZ," has been featured in Playboy and cover stories have appeared in Life and Newsweek.

ROSEMARY'S BABY stars Mia Farrow, Maurice Evans (Bewitched, Planet Of The Apes), Ralph Bellamy (his 16th film, and John Cassavetes (nominated for an Academy Award as Best Supporting Actor in The 9th Year). Eliahu Cook, an extremely fine character actor, also appears. He has "saved" such films as *House on Haunted Hill* and *Black Zoo*. Based on the best-selling novel by Ira Levin, William Castle produced the \$5 million film, with Roman (VAMPIRE KILLERS). Polish director Rosemary and her husband move into an old apartment house, one of whose fables, concerns the prevalence of witches. One old lady was found guilty of practicing cannibalism there. When Rosemary becomes pregnant, she is convinced that her



JANE FONDA BARBARELLA

STORY BY
JOHN PHILLIP LAW • MARCEL MARCEAU

THEY MET AT
DAVID HEMMINGS... Ugo TOGNAZZI

PRODUCED BY
DAVID HEMMINGS • ROGER VADIM

Lyrics and Music by Bob Green and Charles Fox. Performed by
The Bob Green Generation Orchestra. Recorded on Dynacore Records.

A LANCAR FILMS PRODUCTION • DINO DE LAURENTIS • CO-PRODUCERS S.J. • MARYAN PRODUCTIONS • "PARANOID" • "SQUAD" • "FANTASY PICTURE"

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STYLING BY
JANE FONDA
HAIR BY
JANE FONDA





MGM PRESENTS A STANLEY KUBRICK PRODUCTION

2001: a space odyssey

Some Thoughts on Kubrick's

by Dan Bates

No doubt about it: Stanley Kubrick's 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY is to futuristic science-fiction films what the late Carl Th. Dreyer's VAMPIRE was, and still is, to film horror: The absolute ultimate, the high-water mark, the greatest ever. Arthur C. Clarke said it, and I'll repeat it: The next great science-fiction film, to be better than this one, will have to be made on location.

Perhaps more important, public response to Kubrick's masterpiece has been enormously in the film's favor, to such a remarkable extent that we may now simply forget all the negative reviews from the so-called cognoscenti:—Stanley Kauffman in *The New Republic*, John Simon in *The New Leader*, Wilfrid Sheed in *Esquire*, Judith Crist in *New York* and on NBC-TV's "Today," and, most disappointing of all because they're both normally so astute, Andrew Sarris in *The Village Voice* and, of all people, Ray Bradbury, long my favorite SF writer, in, of all places, *Psychology Today*. The public has, as the cliché p.r. phrase goes, flocked to the film in droves, and it is destined to become, I think it is safe to say by now, with Michelangelo Antonioni's *BLOW-UP* and *BONNIE AND CLYDE*, the first really popular film masterpiece since D. W. Griffith's *BIRTH OF A NATION* . . . which was some fifty-three years ago!

(The latter went ahead making money—though not for D.W.C.—after initial distribution and, according to *Variety*, holds an unofficial b. o. record.—CTB.)

The comparison with Griffith extends beyond mere popularity: 2001 is (as I stated in a letter to *The Village Voice* berating Sarris for his astounding lack of perception) in size, scope, intellectual pretension, and general savvy, the most remarkable film work of art since Griffith's financially unsuccessful, but more artistically important, *INTOLERANCE*, released in 1916.

What's more, to go outside the science-fiction genre once again (and the greatness of any film can only be measured by how it stands up alongside films outside its own

genre), I haven't seen anything so difficult, demanding, or just plain stimulating and cinematically exciting since Bergman's *PERSONA* in 1967.

In short, 2001 has turned out, despite the reviews, to be everything one expected it would be, and should have been, knowing Kubrick's genius. That's right, I said "genius." There's something strikingly original about 2001.

And it takes a real genius to be truly original, as Kubrick has been here.

Before we go any further, perhaps we need to re-define that word "original."

First off, it's a kind of a false word. There is absolutely nothing "original" under the sun, as any good philosophy major will tell you. This is particularly true in movies, where the nearest you can come to "originality" is in an "original" employment of techniques and gimmicks used previously by others. Take, for instance, Orson Welles' *CITIZEN KANE*, which was considered vastly original, and still is. "Welles shows ceilings," people shouted. So what? So did Fritz Lang in *KRIEMHELD'S REVENGE* in Germany in the Twenties. There's nothing original about showing ceilings.

Like *KANE*, the originality in 2001



stems from Kubrick's re-definition of us of what a movie can be and do. From the literary science-fiction standpoint, it's terribly old-hat. It is only as a movie that 2001 can be talked of, and there even somewhat falsely, as "original." But, for all intents and purposes, it is, if I may get away with saying this, original enough.

For one thing, Kubrick employs Cinerama better than anyone before him—so well, in fact, that I can't imagine the film without it. (I plan to avoid future non-reserved-seat showings, much as I love the film, which will be in standard Panavision.) For the first time, the Cinerama form is embodied within the content of a Cinerama film, and Cinerama projection, nothing less, becomes quin-

tesential to total enjoyment. Take away the Cinerama from, say, *How The West Was Won*, and you have revealed an overblown Roy Rogers Western in the guise of an overblown Debbie Reynolds vehicle. With 2001, take away the Cinerama and . . . I hate to think about it. It would be like watching 3-D with one eye.

One of the wonderful things about the film is its overall simplicity and its ultimate open-ended quality. At times an ambiguous ending is the very best kind: It gives the viewer credit for some degree of intelligence. (Perhaps accordingly, Forrest J. Ackerman dislikes the film. No monsters, I guess.)

A terrible mistake, incidentally, is to read the Arthur C. Clarke novelization of 2001. The film is wondrous





and open to all sorts of interpretations; in perhaps the most predictable, (and one which I share to some vague degree) the Catholics have proclaimed the film "a major religious experience," probably taking the reappearing slash to be some metaphysical stand-in for God, and even John Simon, ending his negative review in *The New Leader*, labels the film "a shaggy God story." Clarke's "interpretation" (which I choose to take the novelization to be) is earth-bound and cloddish. That is to say, it explodes my soap bubble.

On another matter, not since, perhaps, the days when *The Lone Ranger* was America's favorite radio program has an entertainment so engendered such a widespread interest in classical music, albeit the music this time is that of decidedly lesser composers. (For that matter, what's so hot about Rossini or Liszt?) There are now two stereo long-playing recordings of the music from the film. The more interesting one, for me, is the Columbia disk with Ormandy and Bernstein, which features music played in the film (Richard and Johann Strauss, Khatchaturian, Gyorgy Ligeti) and, most significant, introduces to the serious listener on Side 2 an orchestral-electronic suite of highlights from Karl Birger Blomdahl's archtypal "operative excursion into . . . outer space," *Aniara*, which has a plot somewhat similar to that memorable Czechoslovakian film, *IKARIA XBI*, known in this country only in a mangled form titled *VOYAGE TO THE END OF THE UNIVERSE*.

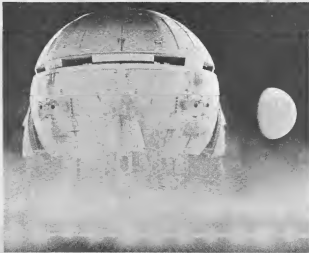
Anyway, thanks to 2001, Ligeti is now a musical name to conjure with, equal, in my mind, to that of Edgar Varese. Both minor names, to be sure (and, for that matter, Richard Strauss has composed much better more important works than *Also Sprach Zarathustra*; nonetheless, it's amazing the way this piece, formally used mostly by hi-fi record-player dealers to demonstrate their in-store models to potential customers, has suddenly, thanks to the movie, become a pop favorite; the best recording of the

entire tone poem, for the record, is the late Fritz Reiner's on RCA Victor), but there's no denying the service the film does if it sparks the interest of only one viewer in classical music. Like I said, not since *The Lone Ranger* . . .

2001 and Dreyer's *VAMPYR* are uniquely similar in that both, though made in the sound era, are primarily silent films where dialogue is concerned. Perhaps I should say that they are primarily *visual* films, and how refreshingly cinematic that a high-budget major-company Cinerama production should be so at this time.

I have seen *VAMPYR* exactly once, in a special screening in the fall of 1967 at New York's New School for Social Research. The print shown was bereft of English subtitles, and the student viewers and myself, confronted by apparently Danish subtitles, were left to make what sense we could out of the print visually. That it ultimately made no sense whatever is the secret, indeed the key, to the film's success as the greatest horror film of all time: Like Murnau's great silent, *Nosferatu*, it is as illogical as a nightmare. And what is there more bone-chillingly unforgettable than a nightmare?

The best review of 2001 I have encountered to date is Philip French's in the monthly *London Magazine*. Maybe your local library has it. French not only reviews the film itself; he also attempts to place it both within the chronology of Kubrick's remarkable career, and within the spectrum of other noteworthy SF films made to date. Among the latter,



he cites the important early silent experimental works of Georges Melies, Fritz Lang's 1926 *METROPOLIS* and William Cameron Menzies' 1936 *THINGS TO COME* (both of which he notes must have inspired Kubrick to some extent), the already cited Czech film, the Russian *FIRST COSMONAUTS ON VENUS*, and the remarkable French trio of recent vintage: Godard's *ALPHAVILLE*, Chris Marker's *La Jetee*, and Francois Truffaut's British-made *FAHRENHEIT 451*. French, I think rightly, skips the American, or, that is, Hollywood period of science-fiction films of the Fifties, the majority of which were inspired by McCarthy-H.U.A.C. paranoia—was the *Id* monster a card-carrying Commie?—and all of which, compared to 2001, now look most definitely mediocre. (I include, under this mediocrity label, *FORBIDDEN PLANET*, already binned at *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*, and *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*, which, compared to Kubrick's film, are all mere kid stuff, despite their pretensions otherwise.)

Some other positive reactions have come from Penelope Giliatt in *The New Yorker*, who unstintingly termed

the film "great," and the Hippie media, most notably *The East Village Other* and *The Los Angeles Free Press*. Writers in both publications tagged 2001 one of the greatest films of all time. It is that, though it is not, as some friends of mine have declared, foaming at their mouths, *the greatest film ever made*, though I can see how it might appear to be so to persons whose realms of interest are strictly limited to the science-fantasy sphere. It's understandable, from another standpoint, that others not so limited should react so, for 2001 most decidedly overwhelms you on first viewing. It's designed to do exactly that. A couple of friends, trying desperately to relate to me their first impressions (thank God, not simultaneously), were totally inarticulate. They could speak only in monosyllables, or half-phrases. 2001 inspires that kind of reaction. Like *CITIZEN KANE*, it really grabs you, and there's no comparing the initial experience of seeing it for the first time. Kubrick's use of *ZARATHUSTRA* is exactly right, and the way those three planets rise, one up behind the other, to the music . . . man, I tell you, this is definitely a once-in-

a decade film to get excited about!

But, in the cool, calm light of day afterward—and I have now seen the film three times, (and plan to catch it a couple more before its local Cinerama engagement closes, for, as I told you, I can't imagine it without Cinerams), we must come to acknowledge the work rationally for what it is: an unarguably important work, one that in many ways bursts the bounds of what a popular commercial movie can be and do, as well as to repeat myself, the high-water mark of film science-fantasy to date.

But, the greatest motion picture ever made? Hardly. At least, not as long as we have *LA REGLE DU JEU*, *CITIZEN KANE*, *GERTRUD*, *BELLE DE JOUR*, *PERSONA*, and the works of Jean-Luc Godard, among some others, to measure alongside it.

The Hippie attraction, obviously, is the psychedelic "trip" beyond the infinite at the end. Kubrick's "light show" grabs even the squares in the audience. Which makes at least one thing about the film incontestable:

No matter who you are, 2001 turns you on.





Beverly Hills

IT IS LATE in the afternoon and, in a cramped sixth floor office overlooking Wilshire boulevard, Roy Bradbury sits at his typewriter. He types: "The soldiers turn their heads." He is on page 162 of a screenplay he calls *And the Rock Cries Out*, a projection of what

could happen if the Caucasian one day became subservient to the Negro. He is doing it strictly on speculation, but it could be the latest in an explosion of fantasy and science-fiction that has catapulted Bradbury to a height few others in his genre have achieved.

An Interview With

RAY



FAHRENHEIT 451

Based on the novel by Ray Bradbury

BRADBURY

John Stanley,
interviewer

It is late in the afternoon and, as he revises the ending to his tale of topsy-turvy intolerance, he sits surrounded by the mementoes of his success. Behind him hangs a painting used on the cover of his 1962 childhood fantasy, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*. The other walls are patchworks of sketches, photographs, plaques and items that would seem to have only special meaning to Bradbury. Rows of books are everywhere, but not just science-fiction and fantasy. All fields of knowledge, on fast scan, would seem to be represented.

Bradbury is even wearing a token of good fortune. He is clad in a summer suit of pure white which, in the world of Ray Bradbury, would be described as *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit*—the title of a play that three years ago also promoted him into eminence as a playwright.

At 48, Bradbury wears dark-rimmed glasses and has touches of shock white near his sideburns that give accent to his wavy blonde hair, but he has lost none of the vernal charm and ebullience fans were describing as far back as 20 years ago. Always he is the gracious host, and always he is valuable on the subjects related to his genre.

Re 2001 and other fantasy films

Q: Mr. Bradbury, this is an exciting time for science-fiction on film. There's been a noticeable upsurge in interest due to such releases as *FANTASTIC VOYAGE*, *PLANET OF THE APES* and, most recently, Stanley Kubrick's 2001: *A SPACE ODYSSEY*. However, many fans were surprised when you panned the latter film in a magazine review.

BRADBURY: I panned part of it. Only part of it. I think it's a gorgeous film. One of the most beautifully photographed pictures in the history of motion pictures. Unfortunately, there's no well directed scenes and the dialogue is banal to the point of extinction.

Q: I read somewhere that was part of Kubrick's intention.

BRADBURY: (Sighing) I hope not. I'd like to believe Kubrick is more intelligent than that. I just think he's a bad writer who got in the way of Arthur C. Clarke, who is a wonderful writer. There's the irony. I know Arthur and I sent him a copy of the review and I said, "Look, we've had a long friendship, we've known each other 17 years or so, and I've written this review but I'm sending it to you myself so it won't come through someone else. And I hope you won't be hurt."

Q: I don't think he was because Clarke recently told a San Francisco newsman, and I quote: "I don't worry about Ray. He'll come around. They all do." . . . Were you thrown any by the wildly abstract ending in *SPACE ODYSSEY*?

BRADBURY: I wasn't thrown off. I just didn't understand it. I think I described it as that wonderful moment on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel where God reaches out to touch the finger of Adam and doesn't quite make it. Doesn't touch. The spark doesn't leap the gap. You see, if it were just me coming out of the theater a dumbkoff, that would be one thing. But when dozens and hundreds of viewers come out and I find they can't explain it to me either, then Kubrick has failed. You know what I wanted? I wanted to come out of that theater and jump up and down and yell and say this was the best goddamn film ever made—period. That's the way I felt when I saw *FANTASIA* when I was 21. I felt that way about *CITIZEN KANE*. I beat up my friends and drove them to the theater. I even paid their way if I had to. And I wanted so badly to come out of *SPACE ODYSSEY* crying. When the film started and there was all that beautiful material with the apes, I said to myself "Boy oh boy, if he continues like this . . ." And then they bring on the banal scenes. With a false intellect concept which I'm surprised Kubrick allowed himself to repeat. Intellectuals have been saying to themselves all the time that the future will dehumanize . . . crap. Not necessarily. Not proven. In fact, the astronauts whom I've met and who are around machines all the time are more human than people who're not around machines. So where's your argument? Come on now, cut it out. These easy clichés about machines. Not true. The





most humanizing thing that has happened to the world is the invention of the motion picture machine. A robot that instructs us about ourselves, that's what it is. It has done more good in the world than any other machine I can name.

Q.: And other new science-fiction films . . . how do you feel about them?

BRADBURY: I can't really say. I've only seen half of *PLANET OF THE APES* and what I saw was so primitive . . . sort of like the old *TARZAN* films. Nelson Bond was doing this sort of thing long before Gerald Kersh. Stephen Vincent Benet exploited this same theme in "By the Waters of Babylon." So where's there anything new?

Q.: Aren't some of your own stories currently being produced in Hollywood?

BRADBURY: I just got a call from a producer over at MGM this afternoon, inviting me to see a rough cut of *THE ILLUSTRATED MAN*.

Q.: What were your feelings about the script?

BRADBURY: I've never read the script. Nobody asked me to read it. (laughing) I'll certainly tell them what I think of it.

Q.: What stories from *THE ILLUSTRATED MAN* have been adapted?

BRADBURY: "The Long Rain," "The Veldt" and "The Last Night of the World."

Q.: About the screenplay for "THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES," I know it's had a long, involved history. I know Edward Dymtryk was once involved with it . . . What's the latest

THE CAST

Tom Nesbitt	PAUL CHRISTIAN
Lee Hunter	Paula Raymond
Prof. Elton	Cecil Kellaway
Col. Evans	Kenneth Tobey
Jacob	Jack Pennick
Capt. Jackson	Donald Woods
Corporal Stone	Lee Van Cleef
Sgt. Loomis	Steve Brodie
George Ritchie	Ross Elliott
Sgt. Willstead	Ray Hyke
Nesbitt's Sec'y	Mary Hill
Doctor	Michael Fox
1st Redor Man	Alvin Greenman
Dr. Morton	Frank Ferguson
Dr. Ingersoll	King Donovan

THE PRODUCTION

Produced by Jack Dietz; Co-Producers Bernard W. Burton and Hal Chester; Directed by Eugene Lourie; Screen Play by Lou Morheim and Fred Freiberger; Suggested by the Saturday Evening Post story by Ray Bradbury; Photography by Jack Russell, A.S.C.; Assistant Art Director Hal Walker; Film Editor Clarence Kolster, A.C.E.; Sound by Max Hutchinson; Technical Effects created by Ray Harryhausen; Music by David Buttolph; Special Effects by Willis Cook; Set Decorator Edward Boyle; Dialogue Director Michael Fox; Costumes by Berman's of Hollywood; Makeup Artist Louis Philipp; Assistant Director Horace Hough; Orchestrations by Maurice de Paekh.

STORY SYNOPSIS

An atomic test in the frozen Arctic melts the age-old ice and frees a 140,000,000-year-old rhedosaurus. The animal, tremendous in size, is first seen by Prof. Tom Nesbitt (PAUL CHRISTIAN) who is injured by an ice slide started by the monster and, found unconscious by his comrades, is flown to a New York hospital for treatment. Tom recovers, seeks Prof. Thurgood Elson (CECIL KELLAWAY), a noted paleontologist. Incredulous at first, Elson soon swings into action when he learns that the beast has destroyed a lighthouse on the Massachusetts shore. Tracing the monster's apparent course on a map, the professors theorize that it is coming down the coast to the Hudson subterranean canyon off the New York coast. Surveying the undersea canyon in a diving bell, Elson is attacked by the rhedosaurus, and killed. Later, the monster is reported surfacing in the East River and crawling on to the Fulton Street pier. People flee in panic. Automobiles and buildings are crushed as the beast advances, its huge body wreaking death. The monster is seen next at it turns up at an amusement park and becomes entangled in the roller coaster structure which collapses around its neck. Tom arrives to direct a troop of soldiers in firing a radio-active isotope from a grenade rifle into the beast. At last, surrounded by flames, the rhedosaurus rears up, then crashes to the ground with a terrible cry, destroyed forever.

Running Time: 80 Mins.

Suggested by the sensational
SATURDAY EVENING POST
story by **RAY BRADBURY**

developments?

BRADBURY: Well, I wrote it for Richard Mulligan about two years ago. I was on it for almost two years, off and on. But none of the studios are interested and I now own the screen rights. It's a perfect time to make the picture because here we'll be taking off for the moon next year. And *SPACE ODYSSEY* is going to be the most profitable film in the history of MGM.

Concerning Comic Mags and Strips

Q: I see you have a copy of Nostalgia Press' "Flash Gordon" on your desk.

BRADBURY: A beautiful book. I have many of the actual Sunday pages at home. I have a complete collection of "Prince Valiant" for 30 years—since it started. I have all of Foster's "Tarzan" Sunday panels. I have "Buck Rogers" daily strips from 1929 up through 1935. I have the Sunday "Rogers" panels from roughly 1930 on, until Calkins' drawings got so bad in 1936 I couldn't stand them anymore and quit collecting. I became very picky then.

Q: One of the things you've said in the past, and you've reiterated this in Ballantine's recent reissue of your E.C. stories, is that you'll never turn your back on those things you loved so much as a child.

BRADBURY: That's right. And just to prove how much I love comic strips, I've written my own for "The Martin Chronicles." Joe Mugnaini, who's illustrated many of my short story collections, and another artist did the drawings and I did the writing.

Q: Where will this be appearing?
BRADBURY: It won't. We've been trying to sell it for two years now.

Q: And nobody will buy it?

BRADBURY: Nobody will buy it. And it's been to every major syndicate in the United States. You see, this is the problem. If they buy our panel that means they have to eliminate another. And you must sell to a syndicate because you've got to get 30 or 40 papers at least to start you. If it does sell, I estimate it would run approximately two years. It's slightly rewritten because I wanted to start off on Mars. It's closer to what I do in my screenplay.

Q: While on the subject of comics, how about discussing briefly the history of how your short stories came to be illustrated in the E.C. comics in the early 50's. I was once told it started over a case of plagiarism. Is that right?

BRADBURY: Yes. They did "Kaleidoscope" under the title of "Home to Stay" in *WEIRD FANTASY* #12.

Someone sent me a copy—I didn't catch it myself—and I wrote a letter to the comic magazine and congratulated them on the brilliance of the adaptation. I didn't mention any plagiarism, or that my name wasn't on it. I thought, every once in a while one who pretends to be a Christian should adapt to Christian principles. And what is Christian principle? Turn the other cheek and see how people respond. At the end of the letter I said, "Gee, you forgot to send me the adaptation check. I know how busy you people are but as soon as you could get around to it, I would appreciate it." The next week a check came through. So you see, there are happy endings to unpleasant occurrences. I wrote back and thanked them for the check. Now, I said, I have an idea. Why don't you adapt more of my stories, giving me credit and thereby protecting my copyright? Thus, we formed a partnership and they adapted about 30 stories and put my name on the covers. It was a helluva lot of fun. Much of it was fine work. Al Williamson did some wonderful things, so did Wally Wood. I'll always admire his "There Will Come Soft Rains."

Writing for the Screen

Q: Do you still live by the axiom of doing one story per week?



NEWS FLASH



PREHISTORIC BEAST ATTACKS!

City Ripped by Raging Sea-Giant From Ages Past!



Science is amazed! Multitudes are stunned!
They couldn't escape the terror!
And neither will you!

Your mind may deny it . . . but your eyes will tell
you it's happening! Cities, beaches, ships at
sea destroyed in its raging path!



Above: Oskar Werner, Julie Christie in *Fahrenheit 451*. Below: Author Ray Bradbury being interviewed.



BRADBURY: Yes. This last week I've done the equivalent of a short story. I've been working on a screenplay, "And the Rock Cried Out." I first did it 17 years ago for Sir Carol Reed, but it was too far ahead of its time. Civil rights were nowhere in those days. People didn't want to look into a future where possibly the white

man's supremacy might be challenged; a future where we might be waiting on talles or shining shoes; a future wherein the shoe would be on the other foot. But then, that's why you write science-fiction. To insure that the future you write about will not come to pass. You don't write it because it is going to happen. A lot of people misinterpret that. I've also been working on a new play, "Leviathan 99," based on the legend and mythology of "MOBY DICK" but laid in the future. And a thing called "Any Friend of Nicholas Nickleby is a Friend of Mine."

Q.: What do you say in plays that you feel you can't express in the short story form?

BRADBURY: There's nothing you can say on the stage that can't be said in stories. It just depends on where your love lies at a certain time. And for the past few years I've focused on the theater with my Pandemonium Playhouse. You see, I'm a child of many forms. I'm a child of motion pictures. I grew up in a time when motion pictures were really coming to birth. (They're still pretty primitive today.) The first film that I remember is *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME* in 1923. I fell in love with all the Lon Chaney films and all the Douglas Fairbanks films. So I grew up wanting to have something to do with motion pictures one day, as well.

Q.: Didn't you write the original version of *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE* for Universal-International in 1953?

BRADBURY: Yes, and I did a very foolish thing. I was supposed to write an idea for them and then do a treatment. But the treatment got away with me. This always happens. You see, I can't do anything half way. First of all, a treatment is a lie. Anyone who writes a treatment for a studio is lying to himself and to the studio. You don't have to prove anything in a treatment. You just write: "And then the monster is there and everyone is frightened." That's a lie. In order to prove a thing you have to get in there and write it. So, I wrote a 110-page treatment in the form of a screenplay. I turned it in and they paid me \$3 thousand for it. Then they brought in a screenwriter who worked with my treatment. I was too dumb at the time to see what I had done.

Q.: How did you feel about the finished product?

BRADBURY: It was fair. They don't know how to build atmosphere, they don't know how to work with a scene. That's one of the great things wrong with film-making in this coun-

try. So often they won't take time to establish the surroundings so you, the audience, can feel surrounded by the feeling of the scene. Someone like Robert Wise knows how to do this. His "Haunting" is a beautiful picture.

Q.: And then, of course, you wrote *MOBY DICK* for John Huston...

BRADBURY: It was a case of the blind leading the blind. John didn't know any more about *MOBY DICK* than I did. So we learned together. I'd write ten pages a day and we'd go over it together, then discuss Melville's novel some more. I read the novel at least ten times. Finally, after I'd been in Ireland on the project for four months, I woke up one morning in Dublin and said: "I'm Herman Melville." That same morning I wrote the last 40 pages and it came terrifically. This is the secret of all good writing. It has to come fast. If you go slow on anything it's automatically bad. In any art form, if you slow down you begin to intellectualize and destroy and pontificate and become self conscious and make up reasons for what you're doing. You must never make up any reasons for anything. It's there coming out of your fingers because it must come out. That's one of the dangers in this country today—we're getting so intellectual and superintellectual and quasi-intellectual and fake intellectual that we're in great danger of destroying all our creative talent. All the intuitive process, which is the great truth. That's what you must work with. That's what you must let happen.

We wish Ray could pass on the secret of his Melville transformation to us: We followed *The Adventures* of Hugh Hefner for years to no avail... Not only are there no Frankenstein Plagueboy Clubs, but we still arise from sleep feeling always like our usual selves, for better or for worse.

The concluding instalment of the **BRADBURY** interview is in the next issue of *CoF*, out around late April. (Upcoming: *CoF* interviews **ROBERT BLOCH**.)—CTB.

Man...hunted...caged...forced to mate by civilized apes!

This is Commander Taylor, Astronaut. He landed in a world where apes are the civilized rulers and men the beast.



This is Morcas. Head of security police. His specialty: violence and torture.



This is Nova. The wild human animal captured and selected for special mating purposes.



This is Dr. Zaius. Brilliant scientist. Only he has the power to save or destroy the animal called man.



20TH
CENTURY-FOX
PRESENTS

CHARLTON HESTON in an ARTHUR P. JACOBS production **PLANET OF THE APES**



CASTING BY

RODDY

MAURICE

KIM

JAMES

JAMES

writing LINDA

McDOWALL

EVANS

HUNTER

WHITMORE

DAILY

HARRISON

AS NOVA

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

MORT ABRAHAM

DIRECTED BY

FRANKLIN J. SCHAFFNER

SCREENPLAY BY

MICHAEL WILSON

AND

ROD SERLING

MUSIC BY

HERT GOLDSMITH

BASED ON A NOVEL BY

PIERRE BOULLE

MANAGERS

COLOR BY DELUXE

APIAC PRODUCTIONS

© 1968





How they filmed "THE PLANET OF THE APES"

1968 could have been a bad scene for Warner/7 Arts—they could have been swimming around in their tears. **PLANET OF THE APES** was originally slated for production at this studio under the direction of Blake Edwards (*Pink Panther*, *The Party*, etc.). Instead, 20th Century-Fox, quite successful with *FANTASTIC VOYAGE* and *ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.*, has reaped the rewards of another science-fantasy blockbuster!

Delays were evident due to the challenges of concept and makeup. Although the "apes" were highly intelligent, it seemed inappropriate for them to wear shirts and ties. Originally estimated at \$12 million, **APES** completed for only \$5.3 by the elimination of the construction of an elaborate simian city where apes had automobiles, dance halls and similar 1968 hang-ups.

The ape makeup had to be entirely believable with the actor's faces capable of conveying even the subtlest emotional reaction. John Chambers, one of the true makeup geniuses of our time, was given this difficult task, and as Motion Picture Herald said, "The makeup is remarkably effective in its realism and flexibility." The makeup consisted of foam rubber and a special paint that allows the pores of the skin to breathe. Originally taking six hours to apply, actors arriving at the studio each morning at 4:30 were quite

The APES' Village





pleased when the process was shortened finally down to three-and-a-half hours. Appropriately, the opening credits of APES acknowledges Chambers for "Creative Makeup Design."

Worn by as many as 60 actors and actresses at a time during the 59 day shooting schedule, the makeup was applied in sections (see CoF #12 for exclusive shots of Maurice "Dr. Zaius" Evans getting made up). A brow piece was designed to extend the lobes. A nose piece was used to increase the distance between the upper lip and the nose, and to make the nose look smaller and flatter. The distance between the lower lip and the receding chin was decreased by a chin piece. The lips contained teeth similar to gorilla teeth with the actors real ivories blacked out. Proper lighting was used so that even accidental appearance of the performers actual teeth would be impossible. Next came ears which had to be put on after facial makeup: A wig covered the natural hair and face hair was also applied after the ears went on. Then, brown contact lenses were given to actors with blue eyes. Right now, plans are in progress to use this makeup innovation in the medical field in plastic surgery to replace missing facial features and scarred tissue.

Meanwhile, the makeup posed quite a few problems for the actors, especially when they got hungry and thirsty, which happened with expected increased frequency considering the conditions—especially getting hot. Since it was extremely difficult to eat while in costume, special straws had to be used to swallow milk, beef, coffee and other beverages. In the film, the problem of what the apes ate was eliminated by excluding dining scenes. With most of the action being filmed at the 20th Century ranch, Malibu, and Page, Arizona, where the thermometer soared to 104 degrees, it was truly an endurance test.

The most difficult filming problem was the sinking of Charlton Heston's ship in 500 feet of water. The spaceship wreck was staged at Lake Powell on the Colorado River in Utah near the Glen Canyon Dam, a top government security area, and the first time a film company was ever allowed in this region. Overhead shots of the spaceship were taken from a helicopter.

Probably the easiest prop set-up, though it looked quite complex on the screen, was the creation of the ape village. It was constructed out of polyurethane foam fired from a



foam gun. Polyurethane is one of the latest and best prop and set-making devices, and has already put papier mache back in the Dark Ages; for one thing, it's a mixture that resembles bread dough, rising in a similar manner, and cooling solid within ten minutes with the tremendous advantage of being much stronger yet twenty times lighter than plastic. To outline the shape of the city, pencil-thin iron rods were used with heavy craft paper, in various contours and shapes, which were filled with foam.

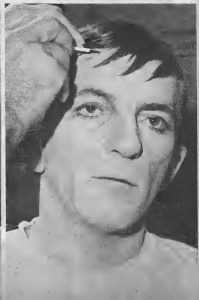
Other aspects of production included:

A man-made pool with artificial plumbing in which the astronauts swam; seven-foot vegetation in which Heston is captured by the apes, created by a fast growing species of corn, raised in six weeks, to create this jungle grass effect. And in the early scenes, when the astronauts are wandering through the desert, a special cameraman was right behind them on a sand sled as they skidded down a steep bluff.

PLANET OF THE APES should be honored at the Academy Award presentations; and little wonder since Leon Shamroy, APES' director of photography (who has been cited as a "cameraman's cameraman"), already holds four Oscars for his previous work.

—Philip B. Moshcovitz—

Dark Shadows



That 175-year-old Victorian villain, Barnabas Collins, of the afternoon soap "Dark Shadows," has been playing a vampire for over a year now, and the ladies love it.

Conducted in a serious "high camp" fashion, "Dark Shadows" is turning into a shrine for Barnabas, a tall, gaunt, and soulful character.

It's a puzzling success story for Yale actor Jonathan Frid who has found himself acting on afternoon TV with two fangs that he pops into place before striking.

The name, Jonathan Frid, is enough to turn the head. It's a far superior name for a vampire than Barnabas Collins, and if Frid develops his macabre talents, he might make the world of Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff.

Time Good

The time is ripe for a first-class villain in show business. Neville Brand's powerful leathered face frightened folk as Al Capone, but few others are around to strike a little old-fashioned terror into hearts. Frid looks as if he could play a cultivated monster, giving a good scare. He's developing his talent in the afternoon before stepping up in class.

"We take Barnabas very seriously," Frid admits. "The idea was to jazz up the show when I came in."

The way Frid plays Collins in a polished, witty Victorian style, the viewers develop sympathy for the poor, sick man, rather than turn away in horror. Barnabas' hangup concerns an old love, Josette, and he's forever hopeful of finding her. He keeps trying to recreate Josette's image in a modern girl. The way things are going, Barnabas' search for Josette seems endless and the fans will put up with the wildest versions. Even director Lela Swift refuses to worry about story inconsistencies knowing the audience will justify the gaps.

"I play Barnabas as a human," says Frid. "Then, anything I do is heightened as a vampire."

Yaleman Frid has been playing villains since college, as training for the 175-year-old blood lover. Character acting takes seasoning, and Frid didn't impress. Broadway scouts right off the bat in college productions. He hit the road, working in San Diego's

Shakespeare Festival, touring with Ray Milland in "The White House" summering at Stratford, Conn.

The part of Collins was experimental and was only supposed to last three weeks. Frid admits to shaky early footing.


"I improved eventually, but at first things were very tentative."

Mall has changed the entire situation. Admirers claim he has more sex appeal than Bela Lugosi, and fan clubs are almost vociferous in ardent letters. There are also fans who write of other-world contacts.

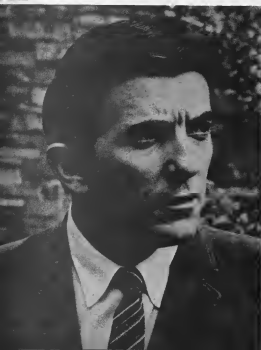
One remembers meeting Frid back in 1933.

Halmy days are ahead for Frid, he can do no wrong, other than lose a hold on his fangs.

"We generally leave time for me to run across the stage and

slip my two teeth on," says Frid. But, not long ago I came into the key shot with them rolling about in my mouth. I feverishly tried to fit them into place. My victim was in hysterics at the clicking of dentures, but I had to dig in anyway for the coup de grace." 

ABC WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ARTICLES OR CLOTHING LEFT IN DRESSING ROOM
PLEASE RETURN YOUR DRESSING ROOM KEY TO THE STAGE MANAGER OR DOORMAN





LBJ didn't make another bird of George Hamilton who later cooled it in THE POWER.

(Continued from page 6)

neighbors are a coven of witches. She even suspects her obstetrician is in league with them and they are casting their designs upon her baby-to-be for their own diabolical purposes. A ghastly suicide, sudden blindness, and a paralytic coma lead up to a sterling climax. This is Castle's most expensive film and gives the following reason for the increase in budget: "There's no longer any room for programmers (cheesies) in today's market. They're making them for television all the time. It's a new ballgame and a new business with exciting techniques and untried subjects to be filmed. If I got a property that demanded a low budget I wouldn't hesitate to make it at that price." Castle is not directing as he does not have the time. He plans to continue using promotional gimmickry, but now it has become sophisticated, such as having Alia Farrow's hair cut. On the best-seller list for over three months, Levin is writing a sequel to **ROSEMARY**. Castle's next film for Paramount will be **RIOT**, a prison picture.

M-G-M, distributors of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY will continue to dominate the fantasy field with **BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY**. Filmed in 70-mm for reserved seat presentation, Rogers will become an explosive, witty, Super-hero type. A television series is also planned. . . . George Pal is producing six films for M-G-M. **YOUNG RIF**—written by Philip Wylie; **CHILDHOODS END**, based on novel by Arthur C. Clarke (author of **ODYSSEY**); **THE DISAPPEARANCE**, one of the teens vanishes; **H20**, when man claims untold wealth from the ocean's bottom; **LIFE OF DR. ADOLF LORENZ**, about the Austrian physician who created bloodless orthopedic surgery (Lorenz suffered from ulceration of the hands due to the newly discovered antiseptics of the time); **LOGAN'S RUN**, based on the novel by William Nolan and George Johnson, concerns a society in which all persons who reach twenty-one

are automatically sentenced to death. Richard Maibaum, who scripted four James Bond films, will write the screenplay. . . . **MOST DANGEROUS GAME ALIVE** (M-G-M) has been postponed indefinitely. . . . Informal sources have disclosed that the title and first three minutes of the **MARTIAN CHRONICLES** are sitting on M-G-M's shelf. . . .

Warner Brothers-7 Arts will surely capitalize on **Rod Steiger's** Academy Award. He stars with his wife Claire Bloom in **Ray Bradbury's ILLUSTRATED MAN**. Makeup man, Gordon Beau, considers this his most challenging assignment and the longest makeup job in motion picture history. Eight makeup men worked on Steiger for ten hours. Beau's creativity was seen in **House of Wax**, **Alice in Wonderland** (Paramount, 1932) and **Hunchback of Notre Dame** with Charles Laughlin. The latter took five hours to complete. Director Jack Smight worked on a few **Twilight Zone** episodes plus such major films as **Harper** and **NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY**. . . .

The genius of **Ray Harryhausen** will be seen in Warner's **LOST VALLEY** (Valley Time Forget) with James Franciscus and Richard Carlson, last seen in **THE POWER**. A touring wild west show wanders into a mysterious valley where prehistoric monsters roam. . . . **THX1138 4EB** is based on a short film honored by the National Student Film Festival. It centers around a computer controlled subterranean world from which four men attempt to escape and reach the natural surface of the earth. . . .

20th-Century Fox is going "ape" over the fantastic success of **PLANET OF THE APES**. It has become the biggest drive-in picture in 20th's history, and summer hasn't arrived yet. A sequel to **APES** is being planned with the original author, Pierre Boulle, writing the story. But it is difficult to be optimistic about sequels. . . . Other Fox films include: **CHOICE CUTS**, a

black comedy written by Boule and produced by Arthur Jacobs (producer of **APES** and **DR. DOOLITTLE**); **DEVIL'S BRIDE** (David Rides But) with Christopher Lee; **THE MAGUS** (God Game) stars Michael Caine, Anthony Quinn, and Candice Bergen and is based on the novel by John Fowles (Collector).

United Artists has three large-scale films planned. **CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG** with Dick Van Dyke will be a reserved seat musical fantasy about a car that transforms into a flying machine and a sea-going hovercraft. Other ingenious contraptions include a weird hair-cutting device, an automatic chair-driven breakfast gadget, and an inefficient washing-up machine (hope it won't be just a screen version of TV's **MY BROTHER THE MOTHER**—or is it the other way around?). . . . **A QUIET PLACE IN THE COUNTRY** is described as a tale of ghosts and horror with Vanessa Redgrave and Franco Nero, the stars of **CAMELOT**. . . . **THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES** is another musical fantasy about a draper's clerk who suddenly gains super-human power, but can't control the human heart. Based on an H. G. Wells short story which was originally filmed in 1935 with Roland Young and Ralph Richardson. Robert Stevenson of **Mary Poppins** fame will direct. . . . Columbia will film **MISTRESS MASHAM'S HOUSE** which is based on the premise that Swift's Gulliver's Travels was a true story. That a number of Lilliputians were brought back to England and a colony of their descendants is established today in an abandoned stately house. It will be directed by Joshua Logan (**Camelet**) and produced by Carl Foreman (**Born Free**). . . . Other Columbia projects include **THE RICHEST CORPSE IN SHOW BUSINESS** (Amicus) and **THE SOUTHERN STAR**, a Jules Verne novel. . . . **FRENZY** (Universal) marks Alfred Hitchcock's return to the PSYCHO-type murder mystery. . . . Universal will also distribute Toho's **KING KONG ESCAPES**



Never used was this makeup by John Cassavetes in **ROSEMARY'S BABY**.

with stereophonic apes, two Kongs. Toho is celebrating its 35th birthday. . . . Walt Disney hopes to turn **BEDKNOBS AND BROOMSTICKS**, a musical fantasy, into another *Mary Poppins*. . . . Dean Jones appears in Disney's **THE LOVE BUG**, a comedy about a has-been race driver and a little car that adopts him, making him a good driver again. . . . American International steps down off their motorcycles long enough to finish the following films: **THE END—drama of the future**; **GILL-WOMAN** (Italian) with the late Basil Rathbone; **THE GOLD NUG**; **MARQUIS DE SAOE**, based on the book "Theater of Horrors" by Louis Heyward. . . .

AIP's **CRIMSON ALTER** stars Boris Karloff, Christopher Lee, and Barbara Steele. Karloff caught pneumonia during this film while shooting night scenes in the freezing rain. Filmed in eight days Karloff said, "I don't know which was worse, the script the producer got first or the one I saw first. He had to rewrite it at least three times, poor fellow." . . .

AIP's **GRAVESIDE STORY** with Vincent Price has been cancelled for the moment. . . . One of Nick Adams last films to be released is **MISSION MARS** (Allied Artists) with Darren McGavin. . . . Many of the following independently filmed productions are "cheapies," but a few could easily turn into top attractions. **THE ADVENTURES OF GULLIVER** stars Kirk Douglas as Gulliver in a musical combining live-action with animation. Douglas will sing. His last attempt was in Disney's **20,000 Leagues Under the Sea**. . . . **BIGGEST DOG IN THE WORLD** with Ivan Tors (Flippin) producing. The dog will be played, in order of growth, a St. Bernard, cow, baby elephant, and grown elephant (all disguised

as dogs). A possible television series. . . . **ASPHYXIATED** . . . **BLOOD BEAST TERROR** with Peter Cushing is the third Blood Beast film. . . . **BLOOD FIEND** (Christopher Lee) . . . **BRAVE NEW WORLD** based on Aldous Huxley's novel will be produced on a large-scale. Screenplay by John Kelley (*Planet Of Apes*). . . . **BRIDES OF BLOOD**. . . . The most unbelievable science fiction film ever produced might be **COLD TURKEY**. It deals with the minister of a small town called Eagle Rock who is attempting to get all of its 5,060 inhabitants to stop smoking. A dying tobacco tycoon has promised to leave \$25 million to the first town of over 5,000 that stops smoking. . . . **COMMANDER I** takes up where *Dr. Strange-love* left off, by the same author Peter George. . . . **CURSE OF THE DELL PEOPLE** (Mexican). . . . **DEVIL'S DISCORD** with Peter Cushing is being produced by Raquel Welch, although she won't appear in it. As Johnny Carson said, "Happiness is bumping into Raquel Welch . . . very slowly." . . . **DOOMSOAY 1975** (Grant Williams, Bobby Van) is upon us when World War III blows up the earth. Three lady astronauts and four men find them selves tricked into a Noah's Ark trip to Venus. . . . **EARLY MAN AND HIS WOMAN** is a comedy filmed in Japan by Hal Roach, producer of the original *One Million B.C.* It is supposed to be a 5 Million B.C. without dialog. . . . **FLASHMAN**, a parody on *BATMAN*. . . . **FU MANCHU'S KISS OF DEATH** (Christopher Lee, Shirley Eaton). . . . **HELP, THERE'S A BLOND IN MY BED** is s-f comedy with Olimpia Dertova, seen in **VENGEANCE OF SHE**. . . . **HYDRA** . . . **IN THE SARAGOSSO SEA**. . . . **THE LASER**. . . . **LAST REVOLUTION** (George Pal) screenplay by Rod Serling from Lord Dunsany's

novel. Possibly starring George Hamilton . . . **THE MAN WHO FINALLY DIED** (Peter Cushing). . . . **MARS AT LENT** (French s-f) . . . **THE MONITORS** (s-f comedy) . . . **NIGHT OF THE AUK** written by Arch Oler (*THE BUBBLE*). . . . **NIGHTMARE IN WAX** (Cameron Mitchell, Scott Brady). . . . **NOAH** (musical fantasy by Arthur Jacobs) . . . **OPERATION ICE FLOW** by Arthur Perce deals with attempts to bring a 10-square mile iceberg almost intact from the antarctic to Los Angeles to supply the city with fresh water. . . . **PRINCE VALIANT**, live-action based on King features comic strip. . . . **RETURN OF THE MONSTERS**. . . . **SILENT NIGHT** (s-f from Alex Gordon). . . . **SNAKE PIT** (Christopher Lee, Lex Barker) based on Poe's *PIT AND THE PENDULUM with original torture chambers being filmed. This is Barker's 87th film. . . . **THE VAMPIRE** (Mexican). . . . **WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO AUNT ALICE?** (Robert Aldrich of *BABY JANE* fame). . . . **WONDERFUL FLIGHT TO THE MUSHROOM PLANET**. . . . Gerry Anderson, the creator of the animated puppet television shows *Thunderbirds*, *Stingray*, and *Fireball XLS* is planning his first live-action film. It involves America's first moon landing in 1971, with our astronauts discovering that the Russians have arrived first. Budgeted at over \$3 million, the special effects employed in the puppet shows will be featured. Anderson began ten years ago with \$1,400 and is now worth about \$17 million. . . . Sufficiently recovered from a lung condition, Boris Karloff is now filming four pictures by a Mexican company. He'll appear in *HOUSE OF EVIL*, *FEAR CHAMBER*, *ISLE OF SNAKE PEOPLE*, and *INCREDIBLE INVASION*. Akim Tamiroff (*Vulture*) and John Carradine might appear in one or*

AN INTERVIEW WITH BASIL RATHBONE



Above l. to r.: Rathbone in *The BISHOP MURDER CASE* (MGM '39), *ROBIN HOOD* (Warner '38), *TALES of TERROR* (AIP '64), *GHOST In The INVISIBLE BIKINI* (AIP '66). Below: Most recent personal portrait shot.

We are honored that this interview with Basil Rathbone ever took place, and sorrowful that, apart from being his last conference with any members of the press, it was not long before his passing. The honor is, in fact, of special significance owing to his known reluctance for engaging in fan-magazine inanities and kitsch publicity.

Since this interview was originally to be the first of two parts, all reference to fantasy-horror films would have been covered in the longer second part. Only a matter of days before his sudden passing, we had been planning another visit with Basil Rathbone when he would be able to give us more time. Unhappily, this then is the reason for unforeseen brevity and absence of material pertaining to our genre. (Again, it is important to take note that Basil Rathbone considered some of his happiest screen hours the time he spent in swashbuckling adventure roles.) Since these are the great actor's last known public statements, we are proud to pass on some morsels of his innermost thoughts to the many who esteemed and loved him through the years and who, undoubtedly, share our thoughts when we say:

Our feelings for you shall never waiver. Farewell and God bless you, dear Basil!

Calvin T. Beck



(We are especially thankful to Russell Jones, editor/publisher of *MONSTER MANIA*, for invaluable work done in making this interview possible.)

COF.—Mr. Rathbone . . . what are the feelings of an actor during an action-packed dueling scene? Were you ever afraid of actually hurting someone?

BASIL RATHBONE—I suppose there is always a feeling, not fear; but you are aware that you are holding a very dangerous weapon and you must be careful. All duels are fought in exactly the same manner in which fives are learned. When you are dueling against someone in a motion picture you are not making a response to his move. You know exactly what's coming next. Every phase of a fight is learned so that you're never guessing any moment. You know what your move against your opponent is. You are aware you're holding in your hand a very dangerous weapon and, therefore, you are careful.

COF.—Was anyone ever injured?

B.R.—I don't remember anyone being injured.

COF.—You were never injured personally, were you?

B.R.—I was never injured, no, and I never injured anybody.



Above: R. as Sir Guy with Patrick Knowles, Melville Cooper, and Errol Flynn as ROBIN HOOD (Warner '39). Below: R. as Sherlock Holmes with the late Nigel Bruce in THE SCARLET CLAW (Universal '44), one of the best in the SH series.

COF.—Which particular film had most of the great fencing scenes?

B.R.—You mean, of the mastery of fencing?

COF.—Yes.

B.R.—THE MARK OF ZORRO. This was the most finished, but not necessarily from an audience point of view. It wasn't as spectacular as CAPTAIN BLOOD. But this was the most beautiful example of fencing as an art, whereas CAPTAIN BLOOD was much more colorful.

COF.—How long does it take to film a dueling scene which last perhaps for five minutes on the screen?

B.R.—Oh, that would entail Lord knows how many set-ups. For instance, they will not take a long shot alone; they'll take a long shot, then a medium shot and then take some close-ups. Any fight which last five minutes on the screen could easily take two days to shoot.

COF.—Maybe you would like to expound on something that you think would be interesting about fencing.





Extremely scarce photo of Karloff and wife with Annette Funicello & Rathbone on the AIP set of *GHOST IN THE INVISIBLE BIKINI*. Below: Rathbone in *RIO* (Univ. '39).

B.R.—I took it up because in the early days, when I was training to be an actor, you went for a job on the understanding that the producer knew that you could fence, that you could sing and that you could dance—and by dance I don't mean ballroom dance but period dancing. I learned ballet. We were very well equipped young actors. I enjoyed swordsmanship more than anything because it was beautiful. I thought it was a wonderful exercise, a great sport. But I would not put it under the category of sport; I would put it under the category of the arts. I think it's tremendously skillful and very beautiful.

COF—Did you ever feel you were taking a personal risk because the cameras were on you more than anyone else?

B.R.—No, because you see my opponents were fine actors, and I want to take nothing away from them. Mr. Flynn and Tyrone Power were fine actors, we all know that, but they did not know swords. Because they didn't know enough about it, I fence most of





A rare shot of Tyrone Power & Rathbone in *THE MARK OF ZORRO* finale.

the time with my fencing master. The only actor I actually fought with on the screen was Flynn, and that's the only time I was really scared. I wasn't scared because he was careless but because he didn't know how to protect himself. I knew how to protect myself, but it's like a professional fighter in boxing fighting somebody who doesn't know how to fight. But sometimes the fellow who doesn't know how to fight will do something outrageous and you'll find yourself injured. I stayed away from Flynn as much as I could, and as he was eventually going to "kill" me, it didn't look bad on the screen.

COF—The duels that last perhaps three to five minutes on the screen, how long do they take to film?

B.R.—The duel in *ROBIN HOOD* was with big swords and, therefore, you can't fight more

than for a very short time at any one time. We fought four days for what appeared on the screen for about ten minutes. The duel with John Barrymore in *ROMEO AND JULIET* took two days.

COF—Can you recall any specific incidents which might be of particular interest to our readers?

B.R.—We were supposed to finish the fight of *CAPTAIN BLOOD* on the beach at Laguna. We were on the rocks, the sun was going down and we had one more shot. If we could get this shot, we could all go home and the fight was over. Now, there were a bunch of extras on the set and they didn't want this fight to end because if it didn't it meant an extra day's work. So the head of the extras, God bless him—I don't think he's alive now; his name was Sailor Vincent—came up to Flynn and myself and he said: "Are you going to get this

thing through tonight or are you going to give us another day's work?" So I looked at Flynn and Flynn looked at me, and, after all our reputation as swordsmen were at stake. We made up our minds that we just couldn't oblige these men with another day's work.

Now, what we had to do was this: a man stood with a stopwatch and he timed the waves coming in. There was a short routine in which Flynn had to get me, kill me, and I had to fall just as a wave was coming in. If I fell exactly as a wave was coming in, it would cover me with water and as the wave went back out again, there I would be lying on the ground with my eyes wide open. You try lying with your eyes wide open, and sea water in them, without blinking. Well, we did it! Exactly to the second, we timed the swordplay which

took fifteen seconds. At the end of fifteen seconds I had to fall and the wave had to come in and I had to fall into the wave. This happened exactly to the second. The thing that Flynn and I expected was that Sailor Vincent would come across and say, "Well, thanks for nothing!" Instead of that, all the extras applauded loudly! They were so thrilled at the sheer skill of it

because this required beautiful timing and Flynn and I worked very hard on that sequence. We had, of course, made several mistakes and had to start again and again. But eventually, before the sun got too low (about four-thirty the sun begins to go down and the light changes to yellow and you can't shoot any more scenes), we made it and we all went home. Another thing—you

see, if I went into that water and the scene was no good, I would have had to wait until the next day for a new costume.

COF—Can you remember any other interesting details about your career?

B.R.—Well, in my own death at Tyrone Power's hand in MARK OF ZORRO, the manner in which you saw me on the screen pierced with a sword and the blood actually coming out all over me: This was done by the special effects department. How they do

it? I don't really know; but this is part of the magic and mystery of special effects.

COF—Mr. Rathbone, on behalf of our readers I want to thank you for your time and cooperation. It has been a great pleasure to talk to you, and let me thank you again for granting this interview.

BASIL RATHBONE—You certainly are welcome and I am looking forward to a nice spread in your magazine.

—end—

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN
(Universal, 1939).



20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS

ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.



Produced by
DAVID WELCH · JOHN RICHARDSON

Screenplay by
MICHAEL CARRERAS · MICKELL NOYAK · GEORGE BAKER · JOSEPH FRICKERT · MICHAEL CARRERAS

COLOR by DeLuxe

Directed by
DON CHAFFEY · RAY HARRYHAUSEN
Music and Special Musical Effects by
MARIO NASCIMBENE

RAQUEL WELCH Dept.

In the interest of keeping our readers abreast of the development of favorite SFantasy movie personalities, this section requires little interpretation—especially when it's about a beloved personality like Raquel. Especially since she provided so much animated thespic qualities in *ONE MILLION B.C.* (without even any help from Harryhausen). Obviously an overnight favorite, she's become the fan's great bosom buddy. Thus we of CoF, in true red-blooded-boy style, etc., salute her. (Next ish: More such scenes of Favorite SFantasy Movie Personalities.)

Below: Vittorio De Sica, Edward G. Robinson, Robert Wagner and Raquel Welch in a happy moment during the shooting of "The Biggest Bundle of them All".



Above: Vittorio De Sica plays an elderly Italian gangster, Cesare Celli, recently repatriated from America in "The Biggest Bundle of them All". In the French town of Arles Raquel Welch (as Giuletta) tries to seduce him in the hope of gaining some information about the hold-up.

Right: Vittorio De Sica and Edward G. Robinson make an admiring background for the curvy figure of Raquel Welch.



A scene from
FATHOM.



CARNAK, POSSIBLY THE FIRST TRUE-MAN TO WALK THE EARTH, HATED AND FEARED BY ALL PRIMITIVES, HE CAN NEVER LIVE IN PEACE!



CARNAK, THE ONLY ONE WHO DARED TO SLAY THE GREAT GORGOSAURUS !!...



BUT ALONG SIDE THE VIOLENCE THERE EXIST ANOTHER SIDE TO CARNAK, ONE OF PLAYFUL - GENTLENESS !

YES, ANOTHER SIDE WHICH REMEMBERS WITH BITTERNESS, WHEN THEY KILLED THE ONE HE KNEW HE COULD HAVE LOVED!





CREATED, WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED and LETTERED By **FRANK FERNER**

THE NIGHTS OF ONE MILLION YEARS AGO ARE HUMID, AND CARNAK HEATS HIS MEAL SLOWLY.



SUDDENLY, THE NIGHT SKY LIGHTS UP AS IF IT WERE ON FIRE!!



A SECOND LATER THE BRILLIANCE ENDED IN A BLINDING EXPLOSION!! AND CARNAK WAS SURE THE MOON ITSELF HAD FALLEN!.....



HIS INTENSE CURIOSITY AROUSED, CARNAK SEES ADVENTURE IN THIS NEW MYSTERY!

IT COULD NOT HAVE COME DOWN FAR FROM HERE! PERHAPS IT IS A FALLEN GOD!

WE'LL HAVE OUR MEAL LATER.



TO CARNAK'S BEWILDERMENT, HE COMES UPON AN ODD BATTLE SCENE! BEAST AGAINST BEAST, MAN VS. MAN.



BUT CARNAK HAS NOT PASSED THROUGH THE SURROUNDING SLAUGHTER UNNOTICED !!..

ONE OF THE MAGOTHS!



CARNAK NEEDED ONLY TO LOOK INTO THIS MONSTER MAN'S STONE COLD EYES TO GUESS WHAT HIS PURPOSE WAS.



CARNAK REALIZES HE MUST END THE BATTLE QUICK ... AND BEFORE THE - MAGOTH CAN WELD HIS CLUB

SO GREAT IS CARNAK'S ATTACK THAT THE MAGOTH FALLS BACK INTO A ROCK !!



THROWN APART FROM THE IMPACT!!
CARNAK WAITS FOR THE MAGOTH TO FALL!



BUT THE MAGOTH DOES NOT DROP TO THE
GROUND!, INSTEAD HE ATTACKS AGAIN,
WHEN SUDDENLY A HUGE SHADOW,...



CONFUSED AND DAZED BY AN AERIAL ATTACK
OF FLASHING TALONS, THE LUMBERING MA-
GOTH TRIES TO ESCAPE BUT LOSES HIS BALANCE
NEAR A CLIFF!!



CARNAK RACES TO THE CLIFFS EDGE TO
WATCH, THE SCREAMING TWISTING
FIGURE FALL TO HIS DEATH! ON
CARNAKS LIPS FORM A GRIM SMILE
!!



CARNAK TRIES TO CALL HIS FALCON, THE BIRD DOES NOT RESPOND TO HIS COMMANDS !!!



THE MADNESS
IS UPON MY PET,
HE'S FLYING
INTO THE LIGHT!
I WILL FOLLOW!

CARNAK LEAPS INTO THE LEAFY MAZE, HE DECIDES TRAVEL BY TREES WILL BE SAFE WITHOUT HIS SPEAR !!



SOON CARNAK COMES TO THE VERY CENTER OF THE PULSATING GLOW! CARNAK IS BEWILDERED BY SUCH AN OBJECT! HE STANDS AND STARES FOR HOURS !!



CARNAK WAITS FOR DAYLIGHT THEN
MAKES HIS MOVE TO GET CLOSER !!!
THE OBJECT SEEMS TO BE ALIVE !!



JUST THEN TWO FIGURES EXIT THE GLOBE! ONE
A STRANGE MAN-LIKE LIZARD AND A..... GIRL!!!



CARNAK REMEMBERS ANOTHER LIKE THIS
GIRL, THE ONE THE MAGOTHS KILLED! BUT
SHE IS EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL!



BUT THE OTHER CREATURE CON-
FUSES CARNAK, IT MAY HURTER !!!





CARNAK, THINKING THE GIRL IN DANGER I,
RUNS TO ATTACK THE
-LIKE LIZARD !!



SHOOT HIM!!
SHOOT H—....
BARRHH!

BEFORE CARNAK REALIZES IT IS
NOT A LIZARD, BUT A MAN THAT
HE ATTACKS !! HE IS
BLASTED FROM BEHIND!



CARNAK!, LEFT DEAD OR DYING?
WHO IS THE MAN IN
THE MONSTER SUIT?
AND HIS SILENT BUT
DEADLY GIRL FRIEND
? ? ? ?

IS IT REALLY ONE
MILLION YEARS
AGO ?



To Be Continued

NEXT ISSUE !... !



FANTASTIC VOYAGER

Dear Sirs: In today's world, people often confuse what is adult and what is not adult. Case in point: No. 11's reviews of **STAR TREK** and your film reviews. All too often, you seem to think films that lean towards an adult attitude are great, like **FAHRENHEIT 451**, a pretentious piece of film-making, which so many people consider "adult." It is probably because something is so sophisticated and grown-up in its attitude that we mistake it for being great. More prominently, Col Beck stated, "STAR TREK is also the best fantasy to date since it is also the most consistently adult." You are again mistaking greatness for being, supposedly, adult. In truth, **STAR TREK**'s sophistication is forced, pretending to be something that it isn't. (Certainly there will be a better science-fiction tv show in the future, but **STAR TREK** is the best right now.—Ed.)

Even more profoundly disturbing was your dismissal of **FANTASTIC VOYAGE** in #10. You feel that because a movie makes no pretense of becoming "adult," it is bad. Not only that, but you say that you prefer **CORPS PROFOUND**. This is one of the most ridiculous things I have ever seen in print anywhere. It is ludicrous to compare a documentary with a fiction work. It's like comparing **THE WAR GAME** with **ON THE BEACH**. Also, you complain that **FANTASTIC VOYAGE** had bad acting and scripting. How can you notice how supposedly bad the acting and script is in **FANTASTIC VOYAGE**, when you don't say anything of the nature about **FORBIDDEN PLANET** and **CUL-DE-SAC**, as well as earlier works like **THE LOVED ONE** and **HUSH**...

HUSH, **SWEET CHARLOTTE**. If you're going to say something bad about a movie, why not tell us why it is bad? In my estimation, the performers showed an understanding of their work, a seriousness toward the plot, and an involvement in the story which far surpasses many of the acting jobs in science-fiction movies today. Also, the script's clichés were definitely vintage Buck Rogers. But what's wrong with putting all these classic lines and situations in a different realm? It's being done in many films today because all the new ideas cannot be put in an original framework. Different attitudes are conjured up in different surroundings, and **FANTASTIC VOYAGE** achieves this with a unity of purpose that is superior to many a science-fiction film. You obviously think on the contrary, that clichés in films of today are childish throwbacks to this Buck Rogers era. But have we really gone out of that era? What's wrong with being a child again? Have we forgotten what youth is? I guess you people have in painting **FANTASTIC VOYAGE** the way you did. I don't see how anyone who thinks young can fail to be totally engrossed by the adventures

and perils encountered in **FANTASTIC VOYAGE**. The film is a classic example of the genre, just as **METROPOLIS**, **THINGS TO COME**, **THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL**, and **DESTINATION MOON** are. It instills a sense of wonder that people lack in the era of Buck Rogers felt, and which today some of us, like you, have obviously forgotten, and replace with such films as **FAHRENHEIT 451** and **FORBIDDEN PLANET**, two films which attempt this sense of wonder, but bag it down under the mire of sophistication which is literally beaten, shanghaied, and ingested into what could have been intriguing pieces of film-making. I hope that in the future, you will show better taste in selecting movies that get a special recommendation rating, as well as in editorializing. Dale Wingo, 3133 South Bentley Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90034.

Some scenes in **FANTASTIC VOYAGE**, such as the injection into the bloodstream and the hurricane in the lungs, had genuine suspense and imagination. But the film's dialogue was not in keeping with the premise; a group of people inside a human body for the first time, we think, would not mouth long strings of banalities; they would be in awe. And **CORPS PROFOUND**, which was filmed inside a real human body with micro-camera, does hold one in awe. It also finds a lyric beauty in the human organism which **FANTASTIC VOYAGE** seldom even attempted. We will admit, however, that **FANTASTIC VOYAGE** was a movie that took guts to make.

CARPS & BOUQUETS

Dear Cal and Col Gang:

Just had to write and congratulate you on another superb issue. Don't understand how you people can be so consistently good. I find your **Frankenstein TV Movieguide** especially useful, as I have been compiling a film-index for several years, and any added information is greatly appreciated.

Excuse me; but I noticed what I thought were pertinent omissions: **IKARIA X-5** 1 ('64 Cech, AIP; however, I may be hasty—you might plan to list it under its American title, **VOYAGE TO THE END OF THE UNIVERSE**; **INTERNATIONAL HOUSE** ('33, Para.)—the not strictly science-fiction, this musical showcase employed a framing device centered around a kind of super-television (in 1933 this was a real novelty); **I SAW WHAT YOU DID** ('65, Univ.)—how could this have slipped your attention? **ISLAND OF TERROR** ('66, Bell, Prehelen/Univ., color)—formerly announced as **THE NIGHT THE SILICATES CAME**, **THE CREEPERS**, etc.; **ISLE OF DESTINY** ('40, RKO)—not even sure if this William Gargan vehicle belongs in a *fantasie*, but it was in

"Cosmacolor" (WOW!) **JENNIFER** ('53, Mon.)—definite Gothic overtones and quite a few eerie moments as Ida Lupino struggles to retain her sanity in this noteworthy low-budgeted; **JOURNEY TO A PRIMEVAL AGE** ('55, Cech, color)—could this have anything to do with **JOURNEY TO THE BEGINNING** of **TIMET JUDEX** ('63, French-Ital., C.F.F.P. Paris-Films Rome)—Shamel Shamel pages 26 & 28 even had fotos from it... **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** ('65, Ital., Rizzoli, color)—one of the most imaginative & impressive films to come out of Italy; **JUST BEFORE DAWN** ('46, Cal.)—with good of Martin Kosleck; **JUST IMAGINE** ('30, Fox)—what can I say?...

In your 1966 *Necrology* (page 61), you state that Inez Wallace wrote the screenplay to **I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE**. I have always been under the impression that Curt Siodmak wrote the screenplay. Perhaps they collaborated on it (?) Could you clear up this point for me?

Where do you get your *Beardsleysque* illustrations? They are simply fabulous, but you habitually refrain from putting captions on them (very distressing to say the least). I gather the drawing on page 51 represents the climax of Poe's "Mosque of the Red Death."

In future issues I hope you do an article on the German cinema of the 1920's. Everyone has seen stills from **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** and **METROPOLIS**; but how about **ATLANTIDE**, **GENUINE**, **WARNING SHADOWS**, **THE BLUE LIGHT**, **ALRAUNE**, **GOLD**, **AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD**, **DESTINY**, **SPIES**, etc.? Maybe you'll give Fritz Lang the same sort of treatment you gave Jean Cocteau in a previous issue (on *Unlabeled*). Robert G. Young, 33 Rodney French Blvd, New Bedford, Mass.

At first we suspected that Siodmak took Inez Wallace's name off the credits and then, villainously of course, converted her into a zombie. Actually, all "Necrology" info is taken care of from research appearing in magazines, newspapers or even tattoos. The editor of this dept., Barry Brown, would have to dig deeper than even Iger could tolerate to verify whether someone else loaned up the original report. Brown will probably clear this up soon, though. Right now he's putting some long glass thru a Robert G. Young whammy doll. (Yes, yes—we know: "Robert G. Young Knows Best" ... a once popular TV series.) Stories, interviews, etc. on the films and people mentioned, plus many more, will be coming soon.—CTB.

Dear Co's:

You and your readers will be interested in this passage on Max Steiner from A SMATTERING OF IGNORANCE by Oscar Levant, published by Doubleday Doran:

"It was during this period of emergence that Steiner began to come into conflict with his producers as his passion for illuminating action with sound developed, and his position at the studio strengthened. He would seize upon every new script that came into the office, searching it through to find strange new cues for music. Anything with lightning and thunder or a few good horror episodes automatically became Steiner's property. I doubt, however, that even he dreamed of so ideal a fulfillment of his hopes as he encountered in KING KONG. This really got him.

"It offered him a chance to write the kind of music no one had ever heard before or since. Full of weird chords, strident background noises, rumblings and howlings, it was one of the most enthusiastically written scores ever to be composed in Hollywood. Indeed, it was always my feeling that it should have been advertised as a concert of Steiner's music with accompanying pictures on the screen. To return to Katharine Hepburn after scoring of mountains, monsters, armies and jungles must have seemed rather piddling."

Music is the neglected child of fantasy films, neglected by producers and critics—including Co's—winks. Carlos Clavero mentions music but once, as I recall, in discussion of, of course, KING KONG. You may agree that there's not much to neglect. True, the great majority of fantasy film music is deplorable. Excepting Steiner and Bernard Hermann, no one consistently writes good music for these pictures. HORROR OF DRACULA had a good score by James Bernard, and here are several particular instances of competent work, but generally the music is either a bloating Paul Sawtell nois that substitutes noise for ability, or a series of burps, wheezes and clatters, such as Jerry Goldsmith's title score for PLANET OF THE APES, the film's only serious blunder other than an ending predictable after the first five minutes to any one familiar with science-fiction. Significantly, the score for 2001: SPACE ODYSSEY, considered a "Quantum leap" ahead of other science-fiction films, and a supreme example of excellent film-making in general, consists of "clonk!" music from Deutsche Grammophon. Now that fantasy films are "big," perhaps composers will begin to write music for them instead of compiling the standard analog of Muzak and IBM.

Music is, perhaps, more important in fantasy films than in others, since by its nature the fantasy film excites and awes as its main effect, it sustains a lighter, more artificial construction than other types. The music should not hide, though it can be subtle, as George Aurie splendidly proved in THE INCUBENTS.

Those interested in fantasy films should accord music its proper due. Why not awards for the best score of those sci-fi film festivals? The KING KONG score holds somewhat the same position in American film music that Hemingway attributed to HUCKLEBERRY FINN in American literature. And that score is not available on record, as it should be, and as much of Hermanns work—particu-

larly for JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH—should be.

The fantasy film is here, and it matters. No one now need apologize for liking it. But we had best now pay attention to its quality. James Miller, Jr., 236 S. 4th, Burlington, Iowa 52601

As agreed about film's indispensible importance. A fine article on the subject by Jon Davidson, squeezed out the last few issues, but definitely slated for CoF #14.—No matter how brilliant it may be, sometimes a score can add little to story mediocrity; and an excellent case-in-point is DEAD RINGER (narrated even by Bette Davis' usually perfect presence). But the Andre Previn score—with interweavings of baroque harpsichord, combined with dark, brooding horns and woodwinds, sometimes against a diplo-little-drum beat... and other out-of-control refrains, with hints of sun rays falling attempting to break thru evil darkness! Worth the price of theatre admission alone! On a note of Strange Statistics: Portions of it had previously appeared in THE 4 HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE. (The record album is, by the way, already quite a collector's item.) Incidentally, and on a non-Fantasy note—exceeding even 2001's scoring power, THE BIG COUNTRY (with Gregory Peck and Charlize Heston) is one of the few films where Visuals, soundtrack and music (by Jerome Moross), it seems, conspire to blend in unique filmic interplay. The album is still in print, and especially a must for those enamored of the Aaron Copland type sound at its best.—CTB.

DRAWING A SMILE

I've read just about everything now in your current CoF of Frankenstein (No.11) and about all I can say is that you've come a long way since your first couple of issues. There are, however, some disheartening notes still to be discussed. The main problem, as ever, covers. Except for a few instances, all of your covers, as well as your occasional content, are rather crowded. You should cut more. Then, as of late, you have been expanding into other fields, such as comic fandom. This, as well as your current article on flying saucers, is a waste. (Notice, I did not say "filler.") Straight articles on such fields have absolutely nothing to do with horror/science-fiction movies and should stay out of the magazine. Ditto for articles about comic book cartoons. However, the article on STAR TREK was superb. An interview with one of the stars would be one of the crowning achievements of your magazine. The article on Hammer Studios was good, and the interview with Chris Lee was, as expected, excellent. I would also like to make one other comment. One of your competitors, has emphasized how much Hammer has declined as a result of its contract with Seven-Arts. I think you should run at least some sort of article concerning this problem. The fact that Hammer has earned out such dizzying bonuses as 1,000,000 YEARS B.C. and PREHISTORIC WOMEN leaves this fact in a somewhat less than glowing light. I saw Marlene Dietrich in PREHISTORIC WOMEN and agreed with your summation of her acting. She stood out like a sore thumb from the rest of the acting in that film. If I have sounded overly critical, it's only because I'd hate to see a great movie like CASTLE degenerate. You're the best in the field by a long shot, but there's still room for improvement. Drew Simola; 1444 The Plaza; Teaneck, New Jersey 07666.

Dear Editors:

I have dearly loved Basil Rathbone for as long as I can remember. Therefore, I come

as a great shock when I read of his death. I am writing this letter to thank you for the fine and moving obituary by Colin T. Bask (Issue no. 12) which I have just finished reading. I think it does credit to your magazine that you gave one of the greatest actors who ever lived such a tribute as this. Such an article will help everyone to remember Mr. Rathbone and the fine performances he contributed to the motion picture industry.

I am interested in obtaining stills from some of Basil Rathbone's films. Do you know of any book, photo album, or set of stills available that would be what I am looking for? Also, some time ago two of the Sherlock Holmes stories from Mr. Rathbone's radio programs were recorded on a long-playing album. I found the record listed in the public library's card catalog but it had been taken out by someone and never returned. The library had not replaced it. Can you, in any way, help me to obtain a copy or at least give me the name of the company that recorded it. I will appreciate all the help you can give me. Nancy Desjardins, 8051 Cayle, Detroit, Michigan 48228.

Dear Editor Beck:

If you typed the L.Q. of a certain publisher who puts out a children's, gem-filled magazine, you'd have a grape. Anyone with a knowledgeable background of horror or fantasy magazines will, without too much difficulty, know what I mean.

It is from this place of junk that a person with a true interest in this field must readily turn away, hopefully, to a source which will give him a greater knowledge and treat seriously a subject too often criticized.

Your magazine has brought to the realm of horror magazines what Star Trek has brought to TV fantasy (there is no greater compliment). I hope you never sacrifice the quality of your issues for quantity of sales. Children might not like the small print and big words but who cares?

Now after I've praised you for the quality of your work I'll tell you what I'd like to see in a future issue.

To a man such as you it should be evident that perhaps the greatest production to come out of the silent era was METROPOLIS. An epic directed by Fritz Lang and incorporating unimaginable special effects. An article, seriously done with many pictures, behind the scenes shots, technical information, and an overall write up of the story would be appreciated by many.

But, to merely stop at METROPOLIS would do no justice to the many other "films with a message" from silents to today. THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME and THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (Chaney) who transformed the message of pitifully tormented souls created from the rejection of a so-called normal society. The message of THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME with a bright look to the future if man can ever come his age-old faults.

Great films too are those which staved off the public with their sheer magnitude such as THE LOST WORLD (silent), KING KONG, FRANKENSTEIN, THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, FANTASTIC VOYAGE, and DANTE'S INFERNAL. Thank you for a great magazine.

James Zill (address missing)

TOPS ALL HORROR SHOWS!

MONSTER DRACULA WOLFMAN HADMAN

FIRST
TIME
ON ANY
SCREEN!

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13-5833
(20 SEVEN DAY RUN)
(NO. 441 NOT IN 19, 20, 21)

Artist-cartoonist Dick (Bojask-the-Bojar) Bojarski's concept of the CoF staff & beloved editor/publisher.

PLANT NOW; DIG YOU LATER

Dear Sirs: It's nice to see recognition of the comic book word by the intelligent "monster" magazine, Cal. I'm not a horror fan, having discovered your magazine's excellent comic book and science-fiction/fantasy coverage. I will continue to buy Bud Plant; 4160 Helly Drive; San Jose, California 95127.

8MM BLUES

Dear Sirs: How much are you selling your 8mm movie projector and screen for? Please write back to me and tell me how much it all is. If it's a low, low price I'll buy one with screen and horror films. I hope you have one. If you don't, can you order one for me? If you do have one please send it to me right AWAY! PLEASE! I live at: Dakota Maniacs; 3322 W. Main Road; Batavia, N. Y. 14020.

● What's this? Who said we were selling movie projectors? For the record, we do have one, just one, and we aren't selling.

Dear Cal:

It is without a doubt that your periodical is one of the most sincere and entertaining publications to hit the stands.

Issue No. 12 featured a back cover worthy of framing . . . a still I have never seen "bopped" through other magazines or pub-

licity outlets. The AVENGERS surely received any worthy coverage by your competitors, but again you came through with a fine article and accompanying picture. It's a pity Diane Rigg lost two Emmies to MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE's Barbara Bain, who rarely speaks no more dialogue than three sentences, and when she manages to execute that task, she does it not so inspired as to make an impression.

A book I have thoroughly enjoyed is "MR. LAUREL AND MR. HARDY," by John McCabe (available through Signet paperback). The essential biographical material is most capably handled, with details handsomely covered on tiny aspects never really achieved by any other writer on the subject. Interesting to note is their early two-reeler titled "BEATS" (1930), where furniture was built in large scale (no trick photography) so the boys, portraying youngsters, would look dwarfed in comparison.

My only requests are that you print more stills of Diane Rigg, evaluate the ASBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET-Slicks, and present some information on Peter Cushing.

Your best fan, Bill George, 5023 Freshford Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21206.

COMICHATTER

Dear Steve:

Cliff Dike, is doing great work for DC and Charlton in his production of moralistic comic strips. For example, his QUESTION strip is among the best in comics. It's devoted to the glory of honesty and the worthlessness of crime. An even better example is Dike's M.R. A which he does for Wally Wood's WITZEND. Not hampered by the Comic Code, it can be more brutal about right and wrong . . . Gil Kane's HIS NAME IS . . . SAVAGE is disturbing to me. The art is some of his best, but it is too violent, obviously riding the wave of violent movies and television. If the cover painting of Lee Marvin can be a judge of it. I'd rather that he returned to comic books . . . Captain America is Marvel's best singular hero (Fantastic Four is best group and comic), altho Marvel is getting too much mileage out of Bucky. I like Sharon Carter, his girl friend, tho I'm a wee biased as I named her from the ineptitude SHIELD agent which she was . . . I like the reprints which DC uses as long as they're really classics. The old HAWKMAN is issue 25 for example. Or, more recently, the SHOWCASE CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN by

Kirby in said magazine . . . While Marvel remains number one, it's due to the original nucleus of magazines, such as FF, Spider, Thor, etc., while strips like Capt. Savage are merely padding. Terry Levin, 5055 Niles Center Road, Skokie, Ill. 60076.

MANY MINI-REVIEWS

Dear Sir: I've been wanting to write you for some time, since CoF #4, as a matter of fact, to tell you what a superb job you're doing. It is axiomatic, I suppose, if one just looks at the magazine, let alone read it, to discover what a superlative magazine CoF is. I like your covers; they are distinctive, especially the filmstrip across the bottom. It's possible that one of CoF's most striking features are the many reviews, Mini-reviews and lengthy film-guides. A veritable wealth of useful information! Issue number 11 was certainly enjoyable, even though you drag out Christopher Lee's interview. Why couldn't you publish it all at once? By the way, filmstrip is the title of page 207 (DEVIL SHIP PIRATES-Ed.) The high spot of CoF #11 was Donald Phe's review of HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FAUSTUS. His views on movie horror were really quite interesting. Much more interesting, I might add, than the senseless article on flying saucers. Movie stars' opinions of UFO aren't vital movie picture information. Another waste of time is the MEN BEHIND THE COMICS section. The comic magazines already offer biographies of their artists and the comic books themselves tell plenty. (Actually, only one or two companies give as much info on comic writers-artists as readers would like.) Barry Brown's Necrology is also useful. Its completeness staggers the imagination. Your biggest asset is your use of photography; all are comparatively rare, and are presented in a way you'd expect from a textbook.

Speaking of books, Lin Carter's reviews are excellent. Here are a few you might be interested in: THE BOOK OF HORROR STORIES (Fawcett 506, 1966)-Selected by Herbert Van Thal, the stories are all good by favorites Jack Finney, C. S. Forester, Bram Stoker, and many others . . . MONSTERS AND NIGHTMARES (Selmant 506, 1967)-Similar to his prior effort, TERROR BY NIGHT, Bernhard J. Hurwood has selected some odd tales (all very, very short), neglected to mention sources, illustrated with ancient, often foolish, etchings and paintings, and in general scored a big zero . . . A FEAST OF BLOOD (Aven 606, 1967)-Charles M. Collins has done a wonderful job of presenting images of the vampire, stretching across literature of 1800, with Tack's "Wake Not the Dead," to 1951, with Richard Matheson's

ORSON KANE

IN Fantasyland

by (Bojask The Bojar)





SPOCK FANDOM

Dear, Beloved CoFers:

This is the first time that I have bought "Castle of Frankenstein" and I enjoy it very much. Though I am 16 and am a girl, I love horror movies and the ghouls that play in them. I have heard a great deal about this magazine, but have never seen one. So I decided to go and look for one. I guess I was pretty lucky.

I am a fan of Mr. Spock's, if you do not know. I found an article in this magazine about him and like it a great deal. In some of the magazines that I have bought, such as *Fave*, *Sixteen Magazine*, and *Tiger Beat*, they have had pictures and articles about Mr. Spock. But unlike yours, you have more information. This is indeed wonderful. I have a scrapbook of Mr. Spock and would like to add as many pictures as I possibly can. Many times I find the same photos, therefore, I don't care to buy the magazine. But, since I found yours, the pictures are indeed most pleasant. I will continue to buy your magazine as long as you make it.

I would like to ask one favor of you. If it is possible, could you please have more pictures and information on Mr. Spock? I assure you if you do, the fans, and myself, will buy your magazine always. As a member of the UNNAF, (United Ninety Natural Associations of Fans) they have spoken considerably about CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

Since I am buying a back issue, I found that you had Mr. Spock on the front cover. This is absolutely FANTASTIC! You don't see many magazines with him on the front. I congratulate you on your splendidity. Please continue to have him on the front cover, if you will. Though he is not known as a "monster," I feel your magazine has a place for him. Pointed ears and all. Dorothy Fein, 1237 Skinner Lane, Springfield, Ohio, 45504

Gentlemen:

My congratulations to you on issue #11 with its interesting and well-researched articles on that marvelous show, *STAR TREK*. According to Time magazine, it's also the favorite program of no less an authority than Isaac Asimov.

However, I feel that you got a little over-enthusiastic with your statement that it's "the best dramatic TV series ever made," which would rank it above such dramas as the *Defenders*. Although *STAR TREK* is the best science fiction show now on television, I believe the distinction of being the best sci-fi series ever belongs to *OUTER LIMITS*. Despite your hasty dismissal of it, *OUTER LIMITS* always had the sympathetic and understanding approach to alien life that is so much a part of *STAR TREK*. The scripts, casts, acting, and special effects were consistently top-notch, which is quite a feat for a weekly series of this type. (Incidentally, the episode Leonard Nimoy did was not a two-parter; and I think it was titled "Adam Link" rather than "I, Robot." The only two-part story they ran was "The Inheritors.") Jeanne Reid, Iren River, Michigan.

"Drink My Blood." Included is Bram Stoker's deleted chapter of *DRACULA*, "Dracula's Guest." A four-star offering! . . . *STAR TREK* (Bantam SDC, 1967)—Adaptations of seven television productions by James Elsh. A must for *STAR TREK* fans. . . *THE LIVELIEST ART* (Mentor 506, 1957, now in third printing) by Arthur Knight, noted film critic. An invaluable addition to any film fan's library. . . *A PANORAMIC HISTORY OF THE HORROR FILM* by Carlos Clarens (Putnam, \$6.95, 1967). Truly a gem! A long-awaited history done with expert perception. More words cannot describe the beauty of this book. Fans, though, may find some of the photographs a bit too familiar. What I would like to see is a truly pictorial history of the horror films, similar to Donald Blum's excellent *TALKIES, SILENT SCREEN, and SCREEN WORLD*.

Many fans have expressed disappointment with Drake Douglas' *HORROR* for MacMillan, particularly his misinformation (Mike Hammer films, *Kuros*, *THE WOMAN* pre-dating *WEREWOLF OF LONDON*, production in 1930's) I wrote to Mr. Douglas, and, in his reply, he said, "I hope, of course, been made aware of the errors you have pointed out. To those like yourself who are so obviously knowledgeable in the field of horror film, I can only apologize for these unfortunate bits of misinformation. There is, of course, no justification for such errors, and I can only say that, since my chief purpose in writing the book was to provide more of an atmospheric reminiscence than a text-book, I undoubtedly was not precise enough in my source material dealing with the film segments of the book. I sincerely hope these technical errors do not mar the pleasure of the book for admirers of horror like yourself. I had planned the book as a nostalgic visit with these fascinating beings of the world of horror, and I hope I have, at least to some measure, succeeded in my purpose."

Keep up the great work you've been doing and you will continue to offer lovers of the horror film textbook information, fascinating stills, interesting newswires, and fabulous interviews. I remain John Scott; Farnham Funeral Home, Inc.; Temperance, Michigan 48162.

Dear Col:

You consistently produce excellent articles which always grasp my attention, and hold it until I finish the article. You give excellent reviews of movies. You don't give a film a laudable review unless it deserves it.

I've noticed a few things missing in your article. Namely, Otis Adelbert Kline, John

Robert Ruel Tolkien, and sci-fi.

Kline was one of the only men who could even compare with Burroughs, so I believe he merits an article.

Tolkien, is, one of the best fantasy-adventure writers ever. He proved it by lengthy, epic, *The Lord Of The Rings*. (Including that masterpiece of a prelude, *The Hobbit*.)

What with' so much sci-fi being written in adventure, and supernatural modes it certainly merits, and demands, a column.

I also believe the *Serials* should be given more space.

Your magazine is, beyond a shadow of a doubt, *The best magazine of it's type*.

Thank you, Allen Edward Richardson, 1916 Victoria Street, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44221

• A very interesting and deeply researched article (in fact, a regular column, in a sense) on the World of Tolkien has been in our articles hopper a number of months—written by our resident Macmillan, Ian Carter. It's upcoming next ish, though.—CIS.

A NEAT TREK IF YOU CAN DO IT

Dear Sir: I read your magazine all the time. I am a great fan of yours. I really liked #11 since I am a big fan of William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy along with the crew members. Does *STAR TREK* come in color on television? (Yeh. If you've got a color set.—Ed.) Does Mr. Spock really have a green look? If so, how do they make him look green? (Well, there are few bugs yet to be ironed out of RCA color. But they're working on it.—Ed.) Where can I get pictures of William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy and De Forest Kelley? Mary Brand; 683 Concord Street; Elkhart, Indiana.

• Address all *STAR TREK* fan mail to: *STAR TREK*; Desilu Productions, Inc.; 750 N. Gower Street; Hollywood 38, Calif.

Re the statement on page 48 of issue No. 10 that Anthony Dawson directs in association with Antonio Margheriti; It's not surprising seeing as how these gentls are one and the same. "Anthony Dawson" is a pseudonym.

Correspondent Niccolò errs on page 57 of issue No. 11 when he claims Chaudu, the Magician is a Universal picture; it was Fox. Chris Collier, 15 French St., Paddington, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

WORLD OF FANDOM



Glenn Sherrard's own concept of the classical FRANKENSTEIN Monster. On the next page is another creation by the this amazing young (barely 20 years old) amateur filmmaker. A full article, The Shudders of Sherrard, in the next issue.

FAN MAGS REVIEWED

A few fan publications revealed one sometimes of questionable durability, so it's good to inquire first before sending out cash. However, we've tried to overcome some of the guesswork when a fan mag publisher will be around for some time. Each title followed by an asterisk is not only available but will most likely remain around for some issues yet to come.—CTB.

SPA FON*—Richard Hauser, 4519 N. Richmond, Chicago, IL 60625. (75¢ copy). Dedicated in part to recapturing the old EC Comics spirit of the early Fifties (including some of the original material used by the old Galeas-Feldstein gang). Issue #4 on hand includes a fine illustrated cover by Crandall. Some of the interior artwork is unusually good for a fanzine, including, above all, Frazetta, Bernie Wrightson and Kaluta. Articles, a short story, letter column and miscellaneous tidbits round out this attractive 36-pager.

GRAPHIC SHOWCASE* (#1)—C.C.A.S. Publications, P.O. Box 2957, Richmond, Va. 23225. (\$1.25 copy). The title captures its entire spirit: a showcase for amateur comic strip talent. A lot of the material shows promise, though often quite embryonic (but hardly unlike what average talent was in the early days of comic mag publishing). A valuable training-ground for young aspirants. Too bad there aren't more publications of this type (also too bad there aren't more pro comic book publishers in this era of growing monopoly). 62 pages with attractive Moser-Kaluta color cover—a sort of WITZEND for beginners.

BAESOMIAN*—Paul C. Allen, 86 Charbon Rd., Rochester, N. Y. 14617 (60¢—4 for \$2.00). Burroughaphiles will love this: a very attractive job, generously illustrated, with articles, letters, and all kinds of miscellany on the world created and started by the immortal E.E.E.

ERBOM*—Conille Casadesius, P.O. Box 550, Evergreen, Colo. 80429. (50¢, 4 for \$2.00). And, lo, the world of Burroughs waxes fertile (or something). One of several issues (#21, and one of the latest) deals with "ERB and the Silent Screen," with a fine full cover b/w still of Elmo Lincoln when he appeared as Tarzan in the silent serial, The Adventures of Tarzan. Other issues have had articles on ERB's works, with artwork by Ivie, Crandall, Jeff Jones and others. A very fine investment for 4-bits or 4 issues for only \$2.00.

THE GRIDLEY WAVE—Vernell Coriell, 6457 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo. 64131. Those who belong to the Burroughs Bibliophiles can receive this fascinating newsletter, free of charge. Further info available by writing to Coriell.

STAR-STUDDO COMICS—Lerry Herndon, 1030 Highland Dr., Carrollton, Tex. 75006. (50¢, 4 for \$2.00). Nice 4-color covers surrounding 32 pages of interesting amateur comics, articles and letters.

FANTASY NEWS*—Harry Wasserman, 7411

SPECIAL PUBLICATIONS and PROJECTS

N. Bogart Rd., Milwaukee, Wis. 53217, (35¢, 3 for \$1.00). A very fanlike, informal fanzine, with lotsa gobs-a-gossip about films, formags, prozines, letters from fans about fans, about films, etc. And 53 pages in #6!

VANGUARD—Paul R. Leiffer, 142 S. Wrenham Court, Tonawanda, N. Y. 14150 (\$1.35). Issue #2, on hand, is the only one it's publisher plans for the near future. 72 pages are literally loaded with a terrific representation of the comic world, even including a Mickey Mouse *Silhouette*, with a remarkably researched article and MM strips, with photos of Disney. Also several hard-to-get overseas strips are reprinted (printing quality is very fine) whose quality would put most comic books to shame (which shouldn't be too hard).

FILM FAN MONTHLY—Lan Martin, 77 Greyson Pl., Teaneck, N. J. 07666 (50¢, 12 for \$3.50). A delightful semi-pro job that has, amazingly, appeared with excellent monthly regularity several years. The past few issues have run from Hitchcock to Chopin, Charlie Chan and many more, including movie biographies, filmographies, checklists and news!

HEROES UNLIMITED—Anthony Sachs, 2 St. John's Park, Mountstown, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, Ireland. (35¢, 4 for \$1.40). Reviews and analyses written in a most witty, readable style cover much of the American comic situation. Too little of this is done, and this one is all the way from Brit!

IMAGE—C. H. Babbs, 1602 N. 56th St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53208 (70¢ per copy—no subs at present). This is the first issue, and Carl Babbs who put it out is one of the most serious *Sf* fanzine movie fans active over some years. It's all about films, written well by several fans, and shows good promise.

STARDOCK, and GOTHIQUE—Sten Nicholls, 3 St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood, London, N.W. 8 (40¢ per title, 60¢ for two issues). Stardock and Gothique are two different publications, charming in format, written scholarly and absorbingly. Articles on British and other *Sf* movies appear in both mags by John Ramsey Campbell, who's previously contributed to *Cat*.

ROCKETS BLAST—(bi-monthly) The SFCA, 9875 SW 212 St., Miami, Fla. 33157 (4 issues for \$1.45). Something probably more exciting than the Republican Convention from Miami has been editor O. B. Levi's fondly successful publication, which probably reaches more people than anything in *Sf* mag history. (About 2000 in circulation.) RB is the fan's best known marketplace. Recommended.

NIEKAS—Ed Anzley, Carter Harbor, New Hampshire, 03256 (50¢, 3 for \$2.00). This extremely fascinating fan mag (winner of '87 Hugo) is easily more interesting and informative than any *Sf* fanzine "pro" mag including IF, GALAXY, P&SF and ANALOG, all considered the "best". This isn't a hard judgement to make since the *pro* mags have been, generally, pretty dull and uninteresting since the death of the *Pulp Era* some fifteen years ago; and quite a few so-called "fan" pubs have been ever so much better. Perhaps the definitive mag on Tolkienism, NIEKAS also includes most of its 70-page average each issue on a variety of other intriguing topics on almost every phase of *Sf* fandom, including critical reviews and a long letter section. Included in each issue is *Green Dragon*, published by the Tolkien Society of America.

Of many fan and semi-pro mags circling this desk in mountainous quantity, *PHOTON* attracts more attention (going strong now for at least five years, by the way). Editor Mark Frank fills in a large vacuum for certain master-horror fans, particularly those interested in film book detail, o/s the "good old days" of FAMOUS MONSTERS (when it also translated its good film book material, until around five years ago) *PHOTON* seems to have picked up the torch and carrying it on. *PHOTON* #15 has **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE** (same treatment style as previous issues), "Wayne and Schuster Take An Affectionate Look at the Monsters," and the usual balance of articles and other interesting goodies: #16 is Mark's crowning achievement: 33 pages jam-packed with several article-analyses of 2001 (better than what we've read in most pro-mags); write-ups on Dark Shadows, Frid, and Rosemary's Baby; a letter from Achinstein giving his reasons for the decline of *FM*'s quality; plus letters, news columns and editorials.

Back issues are in supply. (nos. 1, 2, 3, 13, and 14 are out of print, however) at 75¢ each. Subscriptions 40¢ per copy, 5 for \$3.00. All available from:

Mark Frank, 201 Ave. "C", Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

FANTASY FILMS #1, is still available at 75¢. It's a splendid forty-pager on the finest slick paper stock, with a number of fascinating articles that would be a credit to any expensive hard-cover book, including a checklist of all fantasy movies to have received Academy Awards behind-the-scenes reports on **FORBIDDEN PLANET**, **ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS** and **HOUSE OF WAX** (all liberally covered by five clear photos) *CHS*'s Mike Wallace interviews Mike Ripps of Cinema Distributors of America, coverage of Trieste's famous *SF* Film Festival. And some 2000 stills (some never seen anywhere) achieve the benefit of splendid reproduction clarity. Order from:

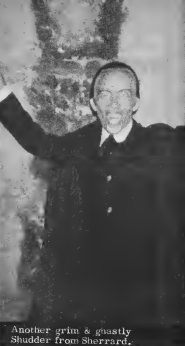
Philip R. Moschovitis, 65 Ballington Road, Chelmsford Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

HOW TO TAKE A PSYCHEDELIC TRIP SANS HALLUCINOGENS VIA POETRY THERAPY . . . Or: How I learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Balm!

It is with understandable relief when one encounters creative people who avoid falling into the Establishment mold.

For some twenty-three years Dr. Jack J. Leedy has been a practicing psychiatrist, particularly in the field of emotional disorders, investigating and uncovering areas that may offer new ideas and paths. Among his numerous problems over the years have been many problems from the fields of publishing, writing, show business and other creative efforts. Compared with the "typical," standardized system of "doing things," Dr. Leedy's approach is: If there's another way of working things out, and if there's a suspicion it may be an improvement over so-called "accepted" techniques, we'll do it.

Synthesizing some of his views finally in print, Dr. Leedy introduces a new approach in the treatment of emotional disorders which has been dealing with increasing frequency



Another grim & ghostly Shudder from Sherrard.

under the general heading of psychoanalytic therapy. The title of the book, **POETRY THERAPY** (subtitled, *The Use of Poetry in the Treatment of Emotional Disorders*). Edited by Dr. Leedy, there's an excellent preface by the renowned Theodor Reik, PhD. Among its more than 22 distinguished contributors: Drs. Sigmund Freud, S. I. Hayakawa, Meehan, Seligman, Berger, Burke, Ferrel and Parker.

In brief, the book states the principles of poetry therapy; next demonstrates their use in individual and group therapy, with adolescent and adult neurotics, psychotics and retardates. In private practice and hospitals, mental-health, self-help and counseling centers, a "600" school and a college, and finally gives some cautions and suggests a curriculum to train Poetry Therapists. A valuable appendix (alone worth the book's price) lists poems that have been found to be particularly useful in poetry therapy.

In an attractive cloth binding, with dust jackets, and 300 pages, **POETRY THERAPY** is available for just \$7.00 (this is at least five to six dollars less than what most important books on the arts and sciences cost). Copies are now available from:

J. B. Uppincott Co., 3011 Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

All for now. Next (oh you want ads, listings and announcements in the new *CANFANNADDICTS* Dept. In other words, more from, for and about the big, wise, jelly, sweeping *Sf* fanzine *For World*. So keep on trying to plough us under with all ya' got—we'll probably run every bit of it.

Best from all of us at *Cat*—Col T. Beck.

Lin Carter Looks at Books

1967: THE YEAR'S BEST
FANTASTIC FICTION

by LIN CARTER

It's time for CoF's annual survey of the year's best books. '67 began with a rare reprint of J. Sheridan LeFanu's excellent Gothic novel, **UNCLE SILAS** (Paperback Library, 75¢) and a great science fiction novel, **DUNE** (Ace, 95¢) James Blish built a first class TV tie-in with **STAR TREK** (Bantam, 50¢) whose tales astonished everybody and prove yet again the tremendous popularity of the show. An old-time sword & sorcery series began with **THE SWORD OF THE WARRIOR** (Lancer, 50¢). Leigh Brackett's **THE TALE OF RIANNON** (Ace, 40¢) gave us a thrilling, colorful picture of ancient Mars and Doc Savage returned in **MURDER MELODY** (Bantam, 50¢), #15 in a nostalgic series of reprints from the golden age of pulp.

JANUARY

Ray Russell delighted horror connoisseurs with three delicious novellas, collected into an **UNNOLY TRINITY** (Bantam, 60¢). Gothic fans also enjoyed Hugh Welpole's fine study in evil, **PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR** (Paperback Lib., 60¢) Another look at the good old days of space opera was given us in Jack Williamson's **THE LEGION OF SPACE** (Pyramid, 60¢), out of print for years.

FEBRUARY

Conan returned in a full-length novel, **CONAN THE CONQUEROR** (Lancer, 60¢), which gets the barbarian warrior against the living mummy of an age-old, long-dead Egyptian wizard. Horror fans had a ghoulish feast in William Hope Hodgson's **DEEP WATERS** (Arkham House, \$3.00) and readers who love time travel adventure yarns should run not walk to get Jack Williamson's **THE LEGION OF TIME** (Pyramid, 60¢), one of the all-time classic thrillers. Arthur C. Clark's **TIME PROBE** (Dell, 75¢) was a brilliant SF anthology and L. Ron Hubbard's charming **SLAVES OF SLEEP** (Lancer, 60¢) is an Arabian Nights dream fantasy from the legendary pages of **UNKNOWN**.

MARCH

Lloyd Alexander's Tolkien-like Prydain series drew near its close with **TARAN WANDERER** (Dolt, \$4.50), highly recommended and lots of fun. Also Tolkienish is **THE WORM DUBOIRS** (Bantam, 95¢), one of the rarest and greatest classic fantasy novels. The fabulous record of interest in Aubrey Beardsley's fantastic art hit a high spot with **THE EARLY WORK** and thrillers of recent years climbed on the best-seller lists and stayed a while. I'm talking about Ira Levin's **ROSEMARY'S BABY** (Random, \$4.95), which is NOT to be missed. Burroughs fans welcome the first full-length biography, **THE BIG SWINGERS** (Prentice-Hall, \$6.50) by Robert W. Fenton. And just about everybody will find something good in Charles Collins' **A FEAST OF BLOOD** (Avon, 60¢), another superlative horror anthology, fit to stand beside his first (FRIGHT).

APRIL

L. Sprague de Camp put together another of his excellent anthologies of **Sword & Sorcery, THE FANTASTIC SWORDSMEN** (Pyramid, 60¢) and, completed a Conan story left unfinished when Robert E. Howard died, making **CONAN THE USURPER** (Lancer, 60¢) a must for enthusiasts. Carlos Clarens produced just about the best book on horror movies yet, an **ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE HORROR FILM** (Putnam, \$6.95). Doc Savage returned in **THE RED SKULL** (Bantam, 50¢), and Andre Norton gave us a good fantasy adventure novel in **WARLOCK OF THE WITCH WORLD** (Ace, 50¢).

MAY

Otto Binder turns a comic book into a novel without losing the comic flavor in **THE AVENGERS BATTLE THE EARTH-WRECKERS** (Bantam, 50¢) and Edmond Hamilton showed how lively the old-fashioned space opera can be in **THE WEAPON FROM BEYOND** (Ace, 50¢). We got a fine, off-beat collection of weird short stories from Alden H. Norton in **HORROR TIMES TEN** (Berkley, 60¢) and more pulp-era nostalgia with Doc Savage in **THE SARGASSO OGRE** (Bantam, 50¢).

JUNE

English writer Thomas Burnett Swan spins delightful fantasy novels with twists of Greek mythology, as in **THE WEIRWOODS** (Ace, 50¢) and Edgar Rice Burroughs' John Carter of

JULY

Mars returned in reissues of **PRINCESS, GODS, WARLORD, SWOROS**, and **SYNTHETIC MEN OF MARS** (Ballantine, 50¢ each). It was nice to see some Marvel comic art in paperback, as with **HERI COMES DAREDEVIL**, and **THE FANTASTIC FOUR RETURN** (Lancer, 50¢ each). Jack Vance won a Hugo for his brilliant science-fiction short novel **THE LAST CASTLE** (Ace, 60¢) and fans of Lovecraft had a ball with **THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE** (Lancer, 60¢). One of the great masters of historical adventure from **ARGOSY** made his long-overdue debut in paperback, in **TROS** (Avon, 60¢) by Talbot Mundy, the first of four connected novels.

AUGUST

Some rare Victorian horror and suspense yarns made Willie Collins' **THE YELLOW MASK** (Paperback Lib., 50¢) a bargain. And a treasure trove of Robert E. Howard's pre-Conan yarns made a collector's item out of **KING KULL** (Lancer, 60¢)—especially as 10 of the 12 tales therein had never been published before! More E. R. Edson with **MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES** (Ballantine, 95¢) and a fine collection of all-new weirds by the masters of the craft, in **TRAVELLERS BY NIGHT** (Arkham, \$4.00), edited by August Derleth.

Roger Zelazny continued his breathtakingly-swift climb in the ranks of science fiction's modern masters with a spectacular novel called **LORD OF LIGHT** (Doubleday, \$4.95), that combines space adventure and Hindu mythology.

SEPTEMBER

Doc Savage returned in **PIRATE OF THE PACIFIC** (Bantam, 50¢) and more of Talbot Mundy's "Tros of Samothrace" series, in **HELM** (Avon, 60¢). One of Jack Vance's most entertaining science fiction thrillers was reissued as **BIG PLANET** (Ace, 50¢) and Sarban's nightmarish novel, **THE DOLL MAKER** (Ballantine, 50¢) also came back again.

More TV tie-in, with a surprisingly charming version of **LOST IN SPACE** (Pyramid, 60¢) by Dave Van Arman and Ron Archer, that I for one thought was better than the show it was based on. The third of Tansy's "Tros" books, **LIARFALL** (Avon, 60¢), came out this month, as did H. Rider Haggard's **THE RETURN OF SIE**, **AYESHA** (Lancer, 75¢).

OCTOBER

For the first time in paperback, Tolkien fans had a feast this month, not only with **THE ROAD GOES EVER ON** (Houghton, Mifflin, \$3.95), words by J.R.R. Tolkien and music by Donald Swann, but with Mervyn Peake's never-before-printed-in-America fantastic trilogy, **TITUS GROAN**, **GORMENGHAST** and **TITUS ALONE** (Weybright & Talley, \$7.50, \$5.00 and \$5.00, respectively).

British horror novelist Dennis Wheatley is hard to get over here, so hooray for the first paperback edition of **THE SATANIST AND THE DEVIL RIDES OUT** (Bantam, 75¢ each). A reviewer's duty to his readers struggled against an author's modesty, and won, so I can call the attention of **Sword & Sorcery** fans to Lin Carter's novel **TONGOR AGAINST THE GODS** (Paperback Lib., 50¢) as well as to **CONAN** by Robert E. Howard, L. Sprague de Camp and Lin Carter (Lancer, 60¢). The fourth and last of the novels making up Mundy's magnificent "Tros" series came out this month, too, **HELENE** (Avon, 60¢) is the last of Tros, but happily there's more Mundy to come.

NOVEMBER

Edgar Rice Burroughs fans got a double Christmas present by the year's end, in two superlative imitations, **THE GODDESS OF GANYMEDE** (Grandon Co., \$4.00) by Michael D. Resnick, and **OUTLAW OF GOR** (Ballantine, 75¢) by John Norman. Santa Claus was good to horror fans too, what with the fine E. Hoffman Price collection **STRANGE GATEWAYS** (Arkham, \$4.00) under the tree. And there we have another year of good reading! See you in '68!

THE CREAM OF THE CROP FOR '67, CoF hands the laurel wreath (or do I mean wolfbane?) to Ira Levin's **ROSEMARY'S BABY** for weird fiction . . . to Roger Zelazny's **LORD OF LIGHT** for most exciting SF novel . . . to Robert E. Howard's "Conan" series as a whole, in the **Sword & Sorcery** field . . . and a very special honorable mention to Talbot Mundy's "Tros of Samothrace" as the reprint of the year . . . naturally, the prize for movie buffs goes to Carlos Clarens for his **ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE HORROR FILM**, which didn't even have any competition!

DECEMBER

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LADY IN THE IRON MASK (78 min.—Fox—1952). Man in The Iron Mask all over again, even down to Louis Hayward (the low-budget Errol Flynn). This time it's a turnabout with a woman (Patricia Medina) in the lead. John Sutton, Steve Brodie, Alan Hale, Jr.

LADY KILLERS (The 10 min.—Rank—1956). Great black comedy in the special British manner. Despite superb cast, it's Alec Guinness' romp all the way. As a strange combo of Alastair Sim/Karlhoff (aided by funny makeup), Guinness is the weird leader of an unbelievably bungling bank burglars. Though he never lays a hand on them all fall victim to a sweet old lady, while staying in her boarding house. Peter Sellers, Herbert Lom, Cecil Parker, Katie Johnson, Carol.

LANCER SPY (84 min.—Fox—1937). By now dated but interesting, well written spy actioner of British origin (George Sanders) who takes place of German double during WWI. (Sanders first important film.) Peter Lorre, Joseph Schildkraut, Dolores Del Rio.

LAND OF THE PHAROAH (105 min.—Warner—1955). Tremendous eye-popping, splendidly directed Egyptian period piece succeeding where few films ever do in depicting culture and mood of an era (2900 B.C.) so remote from the present. Pharaoh Jack Hawkins devotes most of his life to constructing a tomb by which all men will remember him forever: a great pyramid. Against excellent musical score, the story (written by William Faulkner) stunningly recreates what Egyptian science and logic could have been like. Joan Collins, Dewey Martin, Sydney Chaplin, Celen.

LANDRU (also listed as **BLUEBEARD**)—(118 min.—Embassy—1963). Most films are ignored or overlooked by TV, but few were ever more susceptible to TV-baiting director Claude Chabrol's painstaking work to develop mood (ergo, the film's raison d'être) is destroyed by commercial interruptions. (Never has the need for non-commercial film broadcasting been more acute, what with film product constituting more TV time each season.) Major flaw is Chabrol's only "new wave" ambiguity and misguided belief that audience intellect and imagination suffices for unfilled details and badly needed action (this may work in printed media but alien to visual). In eleven murders are committed by Landru without hint of conspiracy, fear or violence. Thus understate matter-of-factness, unseen, unexplained motivation drag, nominating this as a candidate for the Godard Choir-Twinklers Torture Test Hall of Fame. Charles Denner is Landru (though casting Jack Reed would have been a touch of genius). Also: Michele Morgan, Danielle Darrieux, Hildegarde Neff, Color.

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII (The 96 ml.—RKO—1935). Run-of-mill, now cliché-ridden, but brilliant gladiatorial arena action plus tremendous sets and effects should grab sword-and-spld fasc. As with most actioners of this type in the 30's, ending has the usual religious theme, but worth catching if only for Basil Rathbone's and Louis Calhern's performances. Alan Hale, Preston Foster.

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII (The 103 min.—UA—1960). Updated technically, definitely beef-cakes, with some good spld fasc. Better in a few ways than earlier version because it grooves more, but suffering miserably from obvious lack of acting talent. Steve Reeves, Christine Kaufmann, Color.

LAST HUNT (The 106 min.—MGM—1956). Story in 1890's of lost great Buffalo hunters (actually buckskins) though mostly a'la Western, has Robert Taylor in unusual, almost feckless villain role—and the bizarre sequence of his retribution in the wilderness is certainly a most exquisite touch of gurgol. Stewart Granger, Debra Paget, Color.

LAST HOLIDAY (89 min.—ASPC, Ltd.). Superb tragic-comedy, in top Brit. tradition, of man (Alec Guinness) who decides to go on final holiday after doctor told him he has a very short time to live—only minutes! The doctor originally mixed up reports, Guinness doesn't even have hayfever. Odd, feck accident occurs in last part of film adding an unusual twist. Kay Walsh, Beatrice Campbell.

LAST OF THE VIKINGS (102 min.—Hollan—1962). Seeking revenge, son of a murdered Viking chief goes disguised to Norway to find killers. After accepted by Norwegian royalty, he's unmasked and leads his Vikings into battle. Usual sword-and-spld, but Beazek with horns and nice fight sequences. Edmund Purdom, Cameron Mitchell, Isabelle Corey, Helene Remy, Color.

LAST OF THE WARRENS (60 min.—Supreme—1936). Cowboy returns from fighter-pilot duty in War to learn a creek has stolen his lands. Doesn't really belong here, but with a title like that, who could resist? Bob Steele.

LAST GLORY OF TROY (The 100 min.—Hollan—1961). Typical Steve Reeves thud-and-blunder muscle exposition, with the grunts and groans causing an unusually fewer than attempt of good filmmaking. Cliché-ridden action, Color.

LA STRADA (107 min.—Trans-Lux—1956). A screen classic and a "must"! Though not "true" Spanish, it is a thorough job of depicting tragedy and the human condition (to which society's lies in the end still now); one is left more moved and impressed than by

most classified "horror" films. Contains what many feel is Richard Basehart's finest role; also standout performances by all. Film is usually shown in butchered state on TV. Directed by Federico (8½) Fellini. (Academy Award for Best Foreign Film; also winner of most other awards.) Anthony Quinn, Giulietta Masina, Aldo Silvani.

LAST TEN DAYS OF ADOLF HITLER (The 108 min.—Cal.—1956). (Sometimes listed as The Last Ten Days.) Oscar winner Oskar Werner's outstanding as deranged dictator in WW II's final hours, incorporating his weird marriage to Eva Brown, last loyal friends he denounces and his final deterioration. Albin Skjoda, Lotte Tobisch.

LAVERNE HILL MOP (The 87 min.—Univ.—1952). Even Goldfinger's conspiracy to take H. Knox's gold isn't often so much fun as Alec Guinness' plans to ship out stolen gold bricks from England. Guinness is tired of being a mild-mannered bank clerk and concocts a weirdly gold-coveting arrangement in "perfect crime" plan. A charming combination of adventure-comedy-pathos, excellent photography, top-flight score; supported magnificently by co-star Stanley Holloway. (Best Story-screenplay Academy Award Winner. Winner of Film Daily Ten Best of the Year Poll.)

LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN (The 90 min.—Brit.—1961). Deceptively intriguing, involving. Retired ex-military officer, Jack Hawkins, contacts old friends and associates to pull off a big robbery. Witty, suspenseful and tragic; excellently scripted and acted. Richard Attenborough, Nigel Patrick.

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN (101 min.—Fox—1945). The sheiks are belatedly unexpected and hit you from left field. Beauty is the beauty who gets stopped in Prince Charming-Sir Galahad. If the conclusion drawn is that one should never underestimate man's capacity for after evil, the case is then well made, though ferociously, mostly deplorable. Based on Ben Ames Williams bestseller. (Oscar: Best Cinematography and Color; Film Daily Ten Best of '46.) Carrol Wilde, Gene Tierney, Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, Color.

LESANESE MISSION (The 90 min.—French—1956). Conspiracy, murder and devil-take-the-hindus in adventure of two prospectors who find rich uranium deposit. A scheming outcast gets into the picture adding to all the fun. Jean Servais, Gianro Maria Canale, Jean Claude Pascal, Color.

LEGACY OF HORROR (West German—1964). Unique mixture of mystery and murder in this undistinguished thriller based on a work by Edgar Wallace's son, Bryan. Hansjörg Felmy, Ann Smyrner, Hans Nielsen.

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LIVING COFFIN, THE (79 min.—Mexican—1965). When they overdo horror themes South of the border, it usually borders on turning sense. Heavy-handed cars about family believed to get buried alive for fun and profit. Gaston Santos, Myru Duval.

LION HUNTERS, THE (75 min.—Monogram—1951). Ruthless hunters go shooting down innocent animals, mauling it up with Masals in de cold cold ground. They get their rewards: Bombed in another Bombo movie. Johnny Sheffield, Morris Ankrum, Ann Todd.

LION MAN (63 min.—Narmandy—1938). Much like above title. White kid raised by natives, goes on to ruin Afro-American relations by becoming King of Lions (obviously discriminatory). You never hear Robertsons, Masons, etc. mentioned. Slambang fun, paper mache jungle-bungle stuff. Jon Hall, Ted Adams.

LITTLE SAVAGE (73 min.—Fox—1959). Practically a one-man performance by the late great Fredo Armadorian who is marooned on desert island by wicked pirate partners. He soon finds another shishibob in the shape of a boy and his pet seal. Years pass, the boy becomes a strong young man, and Armadorian enemies return for tense climax. Well delineated characterization, reminiscent of Lord of the Flies and Burnell's Robinson Crusoe. Terry Ragona, Christine Martel.

LIVING IDOL, THE (101 min.—Maxima-MGM—1957). Inmate mismatch. "Fusion" archeological expedition (another one yet!) discovers strange jaguar idol whose soul takes over heroine's body until exercised a la The Dyakub. Steve Forrest, Liliane Montevschi, James Robertson Justice, Color.

LOCKET, THE (86 min.—RKO—1946). Psychological horror film about a beautiful woman who, because of one misunderstood driving in her girlfriend's slowly goes insane, driving men to their deaths. Loraine Day, Brian Aherne, Robert Mitchum, Ricardo Cortez.

LOLA MONTES (75 min.—British—1955). Also called *Sins of Lola Montes*. Unbelievable but startlingly true story of famous courtesan who, for a time, had some of the richest men of Europe in the palm of her hand. While yet young, she ends up exhibited in carnivals like some sideshow freak. Not so much the story (which is as simple as pie) but the directorial genius of the late Max Ophüls that makes this an unusual, engrossing film achievement. Butchered down by Fox-like "business" executives (literally some 45 minutes cut), it's still a jewel. Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, Anton Walbrook, Color.

LONDON BLACKOUT MURDERS (36 min.—RKO—1942). In the midst of war-time London, a rooming house is run by a murderer. In terrifying B thriller, starring John Abbott ("the poor man's Basil Rathbone"). Mary McLeod.

LONDON BY NIGHT (69 min.—MGM—1937). See Senator George Murphy in his solo days and Leo C. (UNCLE) Correll in good little Holmes-type thriller as London police stalk thugs in pursuit of the serial "Umbrella Man."

LONE RANGER & THE LOST CITY OF GOLD, THE (80 min.—UA—1958). When nasty, evil badmen (who happen also to be ugly and wear dark clothes) set out to murder Indians, Lone Ranger and Tonto investigate. A number of previous lodeheads point out clues about some "lost city." Roaring kiddie adventure. Clayton Moore, Jay Silverheels, Color.

LONE RANGER, THE (86 min.—Warner—1956). "Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear. From out of the past come the thundering hoofbeats of the great horse Silver. The LONE RANGER RIDES AGAIN!" Trouble is showing "ringing" injunct and the white folks as Tonto and the Lone Ranger try working things out. Very neat super-action. Clayton Moore, Jay Silverheels, Michael Ansara, Anita Granville, Color.

LONG HOT SUMMER, THE (117 min.—Fox—1958). Orson Welles, portraying sensual, tyrannical head of Southern family, is sufficient reason for listing. Based on Wm. Faulkner's bestseller, it sometimes drags, marred by weak threads, but still pulls through by Welles' and Angela Lansbury's performances with rest of cast doing above average. (Top boxoffice grosser for '58, selected as one of Year's Ten Best, Film Daily; plus other honors.) Paul Newman, Anthony Franciosa, Joanne Woodward, Lee Remick.

LONG JOHN SILVER (106 min.—DCA—1953). If Tarzan's blood time once more, with emphasis on the loveable old cut-throat, Long John, played to the top of a cutlass' bill by the late great Robert Newton. It also played up a successful TV series with Newton in lead. Top deck pirate actioner; nifty a bad moment. Comic Cliphart, Rod Taylor, Kit Taylor, Color.

LONG SHIPS, THE (125 min.—Col.—1964). A fine solid, undemanding adventure, much better than many sword-and-slasher epics. Viking (Richard Widmark) escapes captors in a fast-moving fjord, heads for North Africa looking for The Golden Seal (there's a scene here like *Pride and the Passion*), is opposed by Moorish tyrant Sidney Poitier who enslaves him and his men. Very well done and imaginative. Color.

LORD OF THE JUNGLE (69 min.—AA—1955). Another Bonito Bay bish, this time involving elephants, their lives and times. Johnny Sheffield, Wayne Morris, Nancy Hale.

LOST TRIBE, THE (72 min.—Col.—1947). Johnny Weissmuller in his post-Tarzan Z-film guise, as Jungle Jim. The usual African "doga, mon-ka, ka," near nonsensical-level mystery-nu-thills. Elton Verduge.

LOST WEEKEND, THE (101 min.—Param—1945). Probing, frightening study of disintegration of man who cannot control alcoholism; pathetic, at times unintentionally humorous when bottles of liquor are hidden from well-meaning brother and fiancée who try to help. Outstanding camerawork photography, on-location shots of pre-1945 Manhattan (i.e. a 3rd Avenue that's now unrecognized). Unforgettable psycho-aureolistic split px of what a lush with the DT's probably sees shaking alcoholic-psycho hospital scene. Oscars: Ray Milland, Best Actor; Best Picture; Best Director; Best Film, 1945. Philip Terry, Jane Wyman.

LOST SQUADRON, THE (77 min.—RKO—1932). A tyrannical movie director, who is mad beyond belief, forces his cast thru dangerous stuntwork in air-battle scenes. (Director is played by Erich Von Stroheim, who refined the technique of screen sadism into an applied science.) His cast finally intends to "get even." They don't make them like this any more. Joel McCrea, Richard Dix, Mary Astor.

LOST TREASURE OF THE LUTECI (79 min.—Italian—1959). Hackneyed, badly directed actioner of bad guy trying to get his hands on fabulous lost treasure. Alan Steel, Marie Parli.

LOVE AND POISON (73 min.—Italian—1950). Degeneracy run rife, a woman poisons her brother so that her idol son takes over the throne. She tries implicating her dead brother's wife as the murderer, and things get wilder and wilder with suspicions and poisoning everywhere. Turns anyone? Lela Maxwell, Arredo Nazario.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (81 min.—English—1947). The original version made some 10 years before, starring Basil Rathbone, was superior, of course. But this one, with John Hodiak as the notorious wife-killer (who marries an unsuspecting Sylvia Sydney) has atmosphere and good romance. It is also impressive for a change. John Howard, Ann Richards.

LOVE ME TONIGHT (94 min.—Fox—1932). Ruritanian fantasy provides background for

one of the most charming, sensual and timeless musicals put on film, created by the ingenuity of Rouben Mamoulian (director of the '32 Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde). So many great old film gems have tragically disappeared forever should all be grateful this is still available. Joanne MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier, C. Aubrey Smith, Charles Ruggles, Elizabeth Patterson.

LOVE SLAVES OF THE AMAZONS (\$1 min.—Univ.—1957). They still continue making 'em as blas as all this. Archeologist forms expedition on hearing of lost tribe of big Amazon women—but we're afraid it's obvious what he's really after. Don Taylor, Glenna Segale, Color.

Part 2

LA DOLCE VITA (176 min.—AIP—1961). Federico Fellini's "Weed, Mad, Mad, Mad World" isn't Fellini at his best but should be seen nevertheless. Interesting moment of neo-realism when photographers spot Liza Baker, saying, "Get a picture of that guy . . . he played Tarzan!" Marcello Mastroianni, Anita Ekberg, Anouk Aimée, Yvonne Furneaux.

LADIES IN RETIREMENT (93 min.—Col.—1941). First-rate horror melodrama set in Meek more English manor. Housekeeper kills her employer to protect her two mentally retarded sisters. Oscar nominations for music and sets. (Chas. Victor, Dir.). Excellent performances: Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester, Evelyn Keyes.

LADY AND THE MONSTER, THE (86 min.—Rep.—1944). Also released to television as *The Tiger Man*. A domineering tycoon is killed in plane crash but his salvaged evil brain begins to take over the surgeon. Adapted from Curt Siodmak's "Danseman's Brain" which was filmed for weaker '53 U.A. version. Eric Von Stroheim, Richard Arlen, Vera Rolston.

LADY FROM SHANGHAI, THE (87 min.—Col.—1948). Brilliant effort, moody thriller directed by Orson Welles. Striking camerawork and disturbing undercurrents in story of adventure who falls in love with a beautiful woman and accompanies her shady husband on a cruise which ends in murder. Filled with leads of Wellesian brilliance, excellent example of what happens even to a routine thriller idea in the hands of a genius. Orson Welles, Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloan, Ted de Corsia, Glenn Anders.

LADY IN A CAGE (74 min.—Param—1944). Erratic, overwritten, but still valid shocks-with-point about invalid woman trapped in private elevator in her own home. Incredibly gruesome scenes point out that today nobody gives a damn (upon first release, "opathy" the title was suggested by heavy criticism—until the Kitty Genovese murder in New York. Not a minor thought, but timely thought). Successfully presented—the violence inherent to story of picture will never survive TV censors. Olivia de Havilland, Ann Southern, Jeff Corey, James Coan.

LADY IN THE DARK (100 min.—Param—1944). Opulent but dated musical-fantasy: women's magazine editor consults psychiatrist and lives a series of dreams. Based on hit play by Moss Hart. Inexpensive in grotesque forlorn manner. Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland, Warner Baxter, Joe Hall, Barry Sullivan, Color.

This evolved into a much larger listing than originally intended by the addition of "new finds" and marginalia. About as many Leas in this section will be in the next issue, along with a bookbazaar; the complete M list, taking more than any other letter.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER REVIEWS

* Special recommendation

*2001, A SPACE ODYSSEY (169 min.—MGM—1968). (See special 2001 Symposium this issue.) Stanley Kubrick's long-awaited film is a magnificent achievement. No humans and little humanity but over-governing, inviolable, impeccable cinematography, and aching concept. Evolution-causing misanthropic life force is discovered on moon and space flight heads toward Jupiter in search of its origin. Easily the best made science-fiction film ever. Demerits your attendance at Cinema showing. Karl Dullea, Gary Lockwood, William Sylvester, Sigmund Spaar, Michael, Metacritic.

TERMINATOR, THE (75 min.—Embassy—1987). British made SF film is strictly pedestrian. Scientists kidnapped by outer space aliens. Not bad but thoroughly routine and familiar on all levels. Simon Oates, Zena Marshall, Dr. Montgomery Tully, Patsy Celler.

TRANS EUROPE EXPRESS (87 min.—Trans-American—1972). Three people on a train wait out the details of their movie on dead smuggling. Entertaining French film by Last Year at Marienbad's author Robbe-Grillet is an amusing parody of his own style. Film is ingeniously filled with anachronisms, unique, and absurdity that some will find delightful. Alain Robbe-Grillet, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marie France Fradier.

ETHELLE DE JOUR (100 min.—AA—1967). Bussard's new mixture of fantasy and reality, realism and surrealism is intriguingly original and extraordinarily beautiful. Beautiful woman is compelled to live in brothel. French. Catherine Genevieve, Jean Sorel, Genevieve Page, Michel Piccoli. Eastern color.

*FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH (98 min.—Harcourt/Fox—1968). (See article in this issue.) Actually finished over a year & released in England under original title. The Pit. Excellent blend of SF-horror as well as the Nipal Kivela. "Quatermass" series to date, only more complex and involved. Thought concept that forms basis for whole story is shocking; one of best truly terrifying mood makers in a very long time. Andrew Keir, Barbara Shelley, James Dennis. Color.

*EYE OF THE DEVIL (91 min.—MGM—1968). Formerly "13". Fantasticist British horror drama from novel "Day of the Arrow" by Philip Lovecraft, elevates form over content with brilliant photography by Erwin Hiller, featuring some moving camera effects that we've seen since Resnais or Tarkovsky. Debralee Kerr discovers husband David Niven is threatened by a sect of religious zealots in Bordeaux; familiar plotting is transcended by stylized which turn into a dramatic, even moving experience. Made years ago but blocked by the NCCQIP, present version has two important chunks chopped out for reasons of supposed "taste". Still impressive and worth seeing. Donald Pleasence, Sharon Tate, Flora Robson, David Hemmings, Edward Mulhare. Dir. J. Lee Thompson.

ANNIVERSARY, THE (95 min.—20th Fox—

1967). Obstinately offbeat, incredibly sick, often very funny and generally amusing British study of an exceptional family which crowds about man on his anniversary. A Grade B Virginia Woolf, with Bette Davis enjoying herself hugely as a monstrous mother. One of the more successful recent Hammer offerings. Jack Hedley, Christine Roberts. Technician. Dir. Roy Ward Baker. **NAUSEA AND THE GAME IS KILL, THE** (88 min.—Foxboro—1968). Rather transparent but quite amusing, will make little shocker with effective parody overtones. An itinerant Hungarian is picked up in the desert by one of the neurotic daughters of an unwell family operating an isolated Arizona filling station where previous visitors have... but that would spoil it, wouldn't it? Directed with a good deal of ineptitude by Gunnar Hellstrom. Also inventive photography and score. Jack Lord, Susan Strasberg, Tisha Sterling, Collins Wilson. Eastern color.

SOUND OF HORROR, THE (95 min.—Europe—1964). Dazzly dull, grade C Spanish horror thriller. Archaeologists uncover an invisible prehistoric monster, then hide from it for the rest of the picture. Forget it. James Philbrook, Ingrid Pitt, Seledad Miranda. Dir. Antonio Nieves-Cande.

THEY CAME FROM BEYOND SPACE (85 min.—Embassy—1967). It must have been an off-week for director Freddie Francis who was probably too tired and depressed to try. Familiar plot has aliens running a factory in Cornwall, England and controlling humans. Mediocre on all levels except for the music and the color, which are total winners. It would be a kindness for all concerned if you'd ignore the picture entirely. Robert Hutton (no Quatermass he), Jennifer Jayne, Michael Gough. Patsy Celler.

*KILL BARY KILL (83 min.—Europe—1968). Strange murders plague another small European village as Maria Bava juggles the clichés with his customary brilliance, and there's a surprise or two. Typical Bava supernatural thriller; abundance of visual beauty, fantastic use of color, incredible story which merely links the bravura cinematography. Another misuse, of course, but when will Bava get a decent director credit. Giacomo Rossi-Stuart, Erika Mann, Eastern color.

MATCHLESS (105 min.—UA—1966). Italian made spy-film. Agent Patrick O'Neill given invisibility secret by old stranger, pleasant foolishness with a few dead spots. Donald Pleasence, Ina Parisburg, Henry Silva. Technician. Dir. Alberto Lattuada.

GAMES (100 min.—Univ.—1967). Horror director Curtis Harrington's first big budgeted film is a disappointment but not a failure. The trouble arises from mixed intentions within the script. The film starts fine as a bizarre madish thriller but second half settles into didactic style play acting. Harrington keeps his camera moving but not his story and the "game" is not quite worth the candle. A big advancement from Night Tide. Steven Signoret, James Caan, Katharine Ross. Technician. Technicolor.

PRIVILEGE (103 min.—Univ.—1967). After The War Game British e-TV director Peter Watkins turns his sights on pop music in a future set story of how Brit. church and government manipulate pop singer to control kids. The result is like killing flies with a sledge hammer. Bizarre narrative, over stated dramatics, faded climax and blatant pilfering from latter Ray are only partially redeemed by Peter Sinclaire's camera and occasional on-target winks. Film has style but not discipline. Paul Jones, Jean Sclerimpton. Technicolor.

DAY THE FISH CAME OUT, THE (107 min.—Int. Classics-Fox—1967). Should be declared a cinematic disaster area. Few Z-pictures were ever more botched than this "major

work" about U.S. H-bombs and secret weapon but over usual Greek island and Roman recovery formula. "Gore" heavy film flat, out-there even Herry Sandrows for sheer tastelessness. Ruinous ending borrows from The Giant Behemoth which did it better. The most stupid, vacuous and hideously ugly film in memory. Embarrassed performances. Michael Cacoyannis wrote, produced, directed and designed the horrendous costumes. Tom Courtenay, Colin Blakely, Candice Bergen. Deluxe color.

VENGEANCE OF FULMARCHU, THE (91 min.—7 Arts/WB—1967). The series drama film is more level in quality, now twice removed from Don Sharp's original 1965 period spoof. Precious few moments of humor or action as old Joe creates a double of Newfoundland Smith to discredit the real one. Though filmed in Eastern color, this was released here in black and white, which hardly adds to its attractiveness. As Robert Bendley used to say, "not much fun over here." Christopher Lee, Douglas Wilmer, Toshi Chin. Dir. Jeremy Summers.

WILD WILD PLANET (93 min.—MGM—1946). Bizarre, fairly novel idea defended by phony literary special effects and science, dull direction by Anthony Dawson (Antonio Margherita) who is capable of better. World of the future is imperiled by misguided scientist whose androids stuff human victims into small vehicles—hencest fiction. Tony Russell, Franco. Eastern color.

*ROSEMARY'S BABY (137 min.—Param.—1968). James Frawley's American film debut for William Castle is a brilliant film version of Ira Levin's best selling novel. Story has New York City witchess force a young girl to mate with Satan and now she's pregnant. Film goes from naturalistic to comic book territory, ending in Reginald tradition. Is Patsy tradition five minutes have been sliced from original version, but even front-office witchess could not weaken its spell. No Parano, Jean Casavettes, Ruth Gordon, Sidney Caesar, Marjorie Eaton, Ralph Bellamy, Ethel Clegg, Jr. Technician.

PSYCH-OUT (89 min.—AIP—1968). Stylish photography and unusually credible dialogue help this hippie melodrama overcome its basic unevenness, occasional selection and sloppily staged direction. (However dir. Richard Rush is one of U.S.'s more imaginative young directors.) Dead girl searches for her husband in Night-Ashbury. Jumbled climax is result of last-minute cutting. Several drug-induced fantasy sequences. Susan Strasberg, Jack Nicholson, Dean Stockwell, Bruce Dern. Patsy Celler.

POWER, THE (109 min.—MGM—1968). A major directorial debut from George Polz based on Frank M. Robinson's novel. Jumbled, pointless, hopelessly silly screenplay is badly served by Bryan Haskin's unimaginative direction. All the potential is there for a good and meaningful SF film, but producer Polz's foot seems to be stuck in the mid-50's era so far as adult approach is concerned. One near-brilliant moment (Aldo Ray's first appearance), but otherwise a botch, except for photography and Miklos Rozsa's score. George Hamilton, Suzanne Pleshette, Richard Carlson, Michael Rennie, Arthur O'Connell. Panavision. Metro color.

*PRESIDENT'S ANALYST, THE (104 min.—Fox—1968). Wildly uneven but often brilliantly on-target social satire in form of secret-agent type spy film. Psychiatrist James Coburn becomes the President's analyst and consequently target of enemy agents, the CIA and the FBI. Watergate is the greatest role as Henry Luv, head of the FBI. Godfrey Cambridge, Severn Darden, William Daniels, John Daring, and Pat Harrington, Jr. are impeccably cast. See it. Dir. Theodore J. Flicker. Panavision. Technicolor.

PSYCHO-CIRCUS (65 min.—Ampex-AIP—1966). Incredible as it sounds, the day this British thriller was introduced, it was the only prime-time Philadelphia TV, under its original title *Circus of Fears*. What's more, AIP's theatrical version is in black and white, while pic was shot in widescreen Eastmancolor. Final stupidity is AIP has butchered and drastically cut it to the point of unintelligibility. In original from Edgar Wallace's mystery about sinister circus has several nice touches, interesting though familiar script which manages to survive this climax. Boycott this jumble and maybe AIP will take a little more pride in their pictures. Christopher Lee, Sory Kendal, Lee Gann, Heinz Drache, Dir. John Waxey.

OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE (104 min.—MGM—1967). Jack Clayton's bizarre and beautiful follow-up to *The Innocents*, based on Julian Clow's macabre novel about British children who try to hide their mother's death and avoid being sent to an orphanage. Very odd story with direction varying from brilliant to misjudged. Not completely successful but Clayton's second best is still first calibre. Excellent performances, score, photography. Dick Bogardus, Pamela Franklin, Yootha Joyce, Mark Lester. Technicolor.

PENTHOUSE (90 min.—Par—1967). Unfaithful husband and his mistress are terrorized and humiliated by occupants of an unattended building, revealing their true selves to each other. Completely directed and acted, but stagey, overlong and absurdly pretentious pseudo-Pinter horror-sensationalism, and nothing more. Sissy Kandel, Norman Morgan, Marlene Kuntz, Marlene Kuntz, Dir. Peter Collinson. Eastmancolor.

PERLS OF PAULINE (95 min.—Univ.—1967). Failure at coming up Pearl White's famous silent serial. Lots of jumping up and down, little amusement. Pamela Austin, Pat Boone, Terry Thomas. Technicolor. Dir. Herbert Leonard.

PLANET OF THE APES (112 min.—20th Fox—1968). Slightly over-rated but quite entertaining SF from Pierre Boulle's satire. Astronauts land on unknown planet in the far future inhabited by apes who have progressed to 'human' level. Obvious science comment still amuses despite basic familiarity of entire concept. Sometimes spuriously arty but technically sound. Ape make-ups by John Chambers, Ben Nye, Dan Strepa, are captivating and the performers make the most of them. Charles Hallahan, Roddy McDowall, Kim Hunter, Maurice Evans, James Whitmore, Jr., Franklin Schaffner. Panavision, Deluxe color.

CONQUEROR WOMEN (86 min.—AIP—1968). Stylized and fairly indavie Edgar Allan Poe offshoot dealing with systematic persecution and mangle of supposed witches when Charles Weyman, Dir. Michael Reeves with additional production help by Derek Heywood. Perfect Color.

PERFECTANCE OF SHE (101 min.—20th Fox—1967). Sequel to *She* is at least shorter if not better than its predecessor. Large breasts girl is drawn to Last City of Kuma. Trance like direction and haggard script. John Lee (who actually manages to stay aloof), Olinia Beavers, Edward Judd, Dir. Cliff Owens. Technicolor.

WILD IN THE STREETS (97 min.—AIP—1968). As the biggest budgeted AIP film to date, the picture emerges as slightly more than AIP's *Privilege*. Learning that 52% of U.S. is under 25, a rock star adds a campaign to lower the voting age to 14. With the nation's

youth behind him he forces the government to his demand, gets himself elected President, and then dies over 35 after the election in camp. Occasionally funny, at times frightening, film suffers from shallow script and characters. Based on an *Esquire* Magazine story, its excellent when it sticks to parody and hurting back. Nice editing and Richard Moore's fine camera partially cover exploitative tone. Probably the closest thing yet to a filmed issue of *Mad* magazine. Christopher Jones, Shelley Winters, Holl Hobbok, Willie Perkins, and the ubiquitous voice of Paul Fress. Dir. Barry Shear. Perfect Color.

BLAST OFF (92 min.—AIP—1967). Also released as *These Fantastic Flying Poles*. Higher budget, bigger scale British SF spoof based on John Verne. Should have been a winner, instead is only fair comedy item with a few good spots. Extensive pruning from original length is to help. Burl Ives, Dalila Lavi, Terry Thomas, Lionel Jeffries, Hermine Gingold. Panavision, Technicolor. Dir. Dan Shear.

CHAPPAQUA (84 min.—Regional—1967). Spots by not occasionally striking psychedelia, by one of the Conrad Ricks, academic millenials who based story of man undergoing drug cure on his own experiences. Good visuals alternate with fuzzy, amuseurish scenes. Ricks withdrew film from Regional's distribution (owned by Universal). Jean-Louis Borault, Central Books, William Burroughs, Ravi Shrivastava, Allan Ginsberg, The Fugs. Music of B&W and Technicolor, 35mm and 16mm.

DIABOLICAL DR. Z (86 min.—U.S.—1966). Usual nonsense. The daughter of Dr. Z puts a female dancer under her spell to seek revenge on enemies of her slain father. Better than usual photography. Howard Vernon, Mabel Karr, Dir. Jesus Franco.

DIEMENSION FIVE (91 min.—United FX—1966). Pic could be any thriller with SF gimmick by which secret agent here can send himself backward and forward in time. Fairly serviceable idea defeated by pedestrian direction, TV-style production Skip It. Jeffrey Hunter, France Nuyen, Harold Sakata. Technicolor. Dir. Franklin Adreon.

ESALMER (76 min.—Europac—1966). Dull, realistic SF Italian horror dud. Becomes its nearest title in corny story of women by balmy embalmer investigated by Venice journalist. Blah. Maureen Brown. Gin Mart. Dir. Dino Cavella.

FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN (86 min.—Hammer/Fox—1967). The Baron imbues renovated, beautiful body of servant girl with soul of exorcist assistant, which sparks an vengeance spree in time-honored tradition. Nice acting, script, direction, until mid-way when film becomes so chopped up it makes no sense. A shame, because this looks as if it might have been one of The Baron's better outings. Peter Cushing, Susan Denner, Thelma Wright. Technicolor. Dir. Terence Fisher.

***FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS** (91 min.—MGM—1967). Roman Polanski's satire of vampire pics was so altered by barbarian producer Martin Ransohoff, who seems to be waging a one-man war against filmmaking, that Polanski wanted his name removed. Adult producer Jack Ashford and assistant Polanski set out to destroy Central European vampire Ferdie Wayne and family. Recut, re-dubbed, and re-written, film still has some inspired moments despite the butcher, plus excellent sets and photography. A few scenes are so striking it seems the picture might have been as good as played straight. Cinemascope, Technicolor.

***HOUR OF THE WOLF** (85 min.—Lopert—1968). Bergman's adline tells us that the 'hour of the wolf is the time when nightmares are most real.' This strange and powerful film certainly belongs to that time. A woman achieves such rapport with the

moon she is living that she interprets the world through his mind. A return to the setting of *Through a Glass Darkly* and *Shame of Persons* yields a film rooted in mysticism and genius. Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, Dir. Ingmar Bergman.

***SHUTTERED ROOM** (The 99 min.—7 Arts/WB—1966). Strange doings as a young couple inherits an old millhouse on a remote island. Something is lurking in the attic—but what? Unhappily, that revelation is the weakest aspect of this striking British horror film set in New England, and adopted from R. P. Lovecraft's August 1926 novella. Good, inventive direction by newcomer David Greene, and superb color photography make this worthwhile. Gig Young, Carol Lynley, Oliver Reed, Maria Robson. Technicolor.

MILLION EYES OF SU-MURU (The 93 min.—AIP—1965). Poorly made grade-C fantasy adventure from Sax Rohmer, made horrible by odd dialogue by Kevin Kevagh (described by Truffaut as "the most intellectual member of the Fahrenheit 451 crew") based on subtle references to old jokes and comedy routines. Otherwise, a treasure-trove of clichés. Filmed in Hong Kong. George Nader, Shirley Eaton, Wilfrid Hyde White, Frankie Avalon, Dir. Lindsay Shantell. Technicolor, Techniscope.

***TRIP** (The 82 min.—AIP—1967). The 8% of exploitation film Roger Corman's personal exploration of hallucinogenic drug experience owes less to Leary than Fellini. Some arresting effects in plotless recreation of some of Corman's own trip loaded with references to his earlier work, snippets of Bergonesque imagery, rapid editing, eye-splitting visuals, and some typical Corman gags. Brilliant performance by Bruce Den. We knew you could do it, Roger Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg, Dennis Hopper, Dick Miller. Perfect color.

***KNIVES OF THE AVENGER** (86 min.—World Enter—1965). Memorable Italian Giallo film is one of Bava's most satisfying works, and probably best of its genre. Shows-like in quality and story; film has elements of mysticism as woman waits for her Viking husband to return from the sea. Sensuous use of color, mooring horror, and genuine human quality that transcends the hollow dubbing. Cameron Mitchell, Luciana Pallenin, Foushe Tazzi, Dir. Mario Bava. Technicolor, Techniscope.

IT (95 min.—7 Arts/WB—1966). British museum curator lives with dead mother's old Pyrexia, uses Golem to wipe out imagined opposition. Some amusing touches to kiddie-oriented plot which becomes progressively more ridiculous to thoroughly ludicrous conclusion. Good performance by Roddy McDowall provides most of the fun. Jill Haworth, Paul Maxwell. Eastmancolor. Dir. Herbert J. Leder.

***A CURIOUS-YELLOW** (124 min.—Grove—1967). This is the first of two similar films by Swedish director Vilgot Sjoman and is currently banned in the USA. A great pity, for in this era of massive and personal violence, it is the first film we've seen to honestly explore violence and its context in the individual and society. Oedard-like with a more humanly personal audience-director relationship; occasionally slow going but generally engrossing. Documentary, fictional and fantasy footage woven into Brechtian film on politics and people (the N.Y. Film Festival would really become vastly serviceable if more things like this could be seen at their annual screenings and, yes, see more like "cockatoo" films, public scene blowouts). Lena Nyman, Boje Ahlstedt.

BACK ISSUE DEPT.



#1—SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION—THE MUMMY THROGON THE AEOLUS; THE BORIS KARLOFF STORY; picture-stories on TIME MACHINER WOMAN EATER, JACK THE RIPPEN, SEVENTH SEAL, PIT AND THE PENDULUM, FRANKENSTEIN 1976, TINGLES, GIANT ESMOOTH, MYSTERIANS, ALLIGATOR PEOPLE, DABBY OGILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE, WOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, AND HAVE ROCKET WILL TRAVEL; Profiles of monster cartoons, TV SERIES; Japanese monsters; BRITISH HORRORS.



#2—VAMPIRE—a 4-page horror comic story written and illustrated by Larry Lyle; THE MANY FACES OF CHRISTOPHER LEE, the 1937 HUMPHREY BOGART OF NOBIE DAME, the 1962 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA and the 1962 CABINET OF CALIGARY; American International's BILLY BABY YEARS OF FRANKENSTEIN, a screen history plus analysis; Larry Lyle on super-horror—THE DAY MEN FLEW; Charles Collins on Litch.



#3—The first FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN; conclusion of BORIS KARLOFF STORY, beginning of LON CHANEY JR. STORY; Larry Lyle on more super-horror; picture-stories on WHAT EVES HAPPENED TO RAY JANEY, DAY OF THE TRIUMPH, THE LIVEN, CAPTAIN SINGAL and ROBERT CREATURES; Mary Shelley and the BIRTH OF FRANKENSTEIN; Charles Collins on Shirley Jackson and Ray Bradbury; Larry Lyle on FRANKENSTEIN TWILIGHT ZONE, TEEN-AGE MONSTER MAKERS.



#4 SPECIAL VAMPIRE ISSUE: picture-stories on NOSFERATU, KISS OF THE VAMPIRE, BLACK SUNDAY and BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE; Mike Perry on historical, literary and filmic vampires; Blake Sisker's autograph; foreign vampires in CONTINENTAL CREATURES; part 2 of LON CHANEY JR. STORY; OUR FEATHERED FIENDS—birds in horror films; LEGENDS OF THE MUMMY; picture stories on BREAKS and THE HAUNTING; Charles Collins on Lovecraft; WONDERFUL WORLD OF GEORGE PAL; Al Hirschfeld caricature of DE. NO. FRANKENSTEIN—RADIOGUIDE; first FRANKENSTEIN MOVIEGUIDE.



#9—Exclusive: question-and-answer style interview with Boris Karloff; picture-review of ABC-TV's BATMAN, with the Joker in full-color; lengthy biography (and film checklist) of Laird Cregar by Robert C. Bowman; complete Roman biography of contemporary villain Victor Buono; picture-reviews of JUDECK and FANTOMAS (both 1917 and 1964); reissues: First Colormedia's volume; coverage of Germany's horror film revival; TV Movieguide "E" and "H" letters; Barbara Steele; JACK THE RIPPEN, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN; controversial special; Mike Perry reports on The Fantastic European Screen Series; BATMAN book cover.



#10—Barry Brown reveals The True Facts Behind Bela Lugosi's Freaky Drug Addictions; first part of lengthy interview with Christopher Lee; the story of a real KING KONG; interview with Lon Chaney Jr.; reviews of BATMAN, THESE ARE THE DAMNED and CURSE OF THE FLY; picture-story on THE ADVENTURES OF RAT PINK AND BOO; Frankenstein TV Movieguide "Q" and "H" letters; book reviews; biography of Col. back critic Lin Carter; Will Eisner's The Spirit; feature reviews by Mike Minersky; full color back cover by famed fantasy illustrator Nemesius Bok.



#11—Hundreds of facts in The Star Trek Story; Ninety on Spock: Star Trek Forever, An Endorsement by Col. Back; Sources De Evil say William Shatner, Ray Tibbess and Stuart Whitman; Col. Interview: Christopher Lee (part two); Col. Returns to Hammer Studios; Donald Philips enters THE HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FAUSTUS . . . and loves to tell about it; 1964 Hecatology, listing deaths of fantasy film personalities; The Man Behind the Camera focuses on Marvel's mighty Jim Steranko; author-illustrator of Nick Fury: Col. Back reviews THE BRIDE OF FU MANCHU; Frankenstein Movieguide lists films beginning with "I" and "J"; a look at Comicbook Pandas; Lin Carter runs up 1966: The Year in Horror-Fantasy Books; full details on Wally Wood's; Winawed full color back cover by Nemesius Bok; suitable for training; Frankenstein Mini-Reviews.



#12—World of Comic Books: The new, famous LEE issues, known by Stan of Marvel and Chris of Hammer, etc. (in the 2nd & final part of the interview); Frank Brunner's fab SMASH GORDON comic strip series; the original CONJUNX SPARKY comic strip thriller; a memorial and eulogy by CTE in FAREWELL A BASIC BATHING; Mike tells it like it is in SPOCK SPEAKS; Maxine and King in THE AVENGERS; the Marjorie "X" lists CTE as Stan's first appearance of Col. official The Comic Book Cereals; Don Bates and Lin Carter look at Clarent's fab An Illustrated History of the Horror Film (and many other "Fantabook"); full-color back cover of Fox's FANTASTIC VOYAGE; letters, great photos & files & the usual priceless fare.

DID YOU MISS ANY?



#5-Noted film historian William K. Evanson recalls his personal encounters with Lorne in **THE PETER LORNE STORY**-with checklist of all Lorne film appearances; review of **EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN**, leading thorough expert Dick Lipoff describes **MONSTERS** of EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS-with illustrations by Frank Frazetta, Reed Crandall, Larry Lee and Al Williamson; **OUTER LIMITS**, interview with Arthur Lubin, director of 1943 **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**; first **Col Oldies But Goodies**; fantastic film of **JEAN COCTEAU**; **OUT OF THIS WORLD** with **ORSON KARLOFF**, **ADDAMS FAMILY**; rare photo photographed by Karloff in 1914.



#6-The second **FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN**; **FANTASY FEST**-report on 2nd Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival; **HORROR ON THE AIR**-nostalgic memories and rare photos of **The Shadow**, **Beetle** and other great radio fantasists; part 2 of **LOU CHANEY JR.** story; questions and answers with Hitchcock at **A HITCHCOCK PARTY**; another **FRANKENSTEIN** film; Charles Collins on **Robert E. Howard**; **MONSTERS** four years' worth of **CHERRY LEE** film; **WAGNER OF RED DEATH**; **UNDERDOG** (part 1) of **FRANKENSTEIN TV MOVIE**; **GUIDE** listing all horror on TV.



#7-Mike Perry pays a visit to the set of **DIE, MONSTER, DIE!**; interview with AIP director Donald Haller; Joseph E. Levine's \$35,000 **Monster**; Robert C. Jones talks all about the **MONSTERS** at **THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**; reviews of **TOMB OF LIGIA**; conclusion of **LOU CHANEY JR.** story; checklist of **Choray Jr.'s** films; different versions of **THE PARRY'S EUROPEAN HORROR SCREEN**; **TV Movieguide** "B" listing **LEE A. LUGOSI**; **THE AVENGERS**; **THE RICHARD BURTON MONSTER**.



#8-Behind the Scenes with **FU MANCHU** and Christopher Lee; David McCallum-The Man from **M.O.N.S.T.E.R.**; William K. Evanson recalls **The Last Days of Solo Legend**; Mike Perry interviews Hammer makeup artist Roy Ashton; listing **RASPUTIN** On the Set at Moscow; the Corner scene up 1965; **The Year in Horror-Fantasy Books**; **TV Movieguide** "C" listing; **Fu Manchu** for Mayor poster; **BATMAN**-from 1943 serial to 1966 **TV**; **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN** anniversary special; two **Evanson** **RUNGLE** slides; **BATMAN** book cover.



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JOURNAL OF FRANKENSTEIN-Extremely limited supply available of this rare one-shot, published in 1939. History of European horror films from 1875 to present. Includes Karloff as seen by different writers; picture-stories and **THE VOYAGE OF SINBAD** and **HOUSE ON THE HAUNTED HILL**; animated fantasy film, **FRANKENSTEIN AT LARGE**; review of **La Fontaine aux Chenes**; biography of horror host **JOHN ZACHAROV**; parody horror screenplay-**RETURN OF THE KING OF THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**; detailed report on horror film of '56. No book issues of this one will be around second a first come, first served.

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